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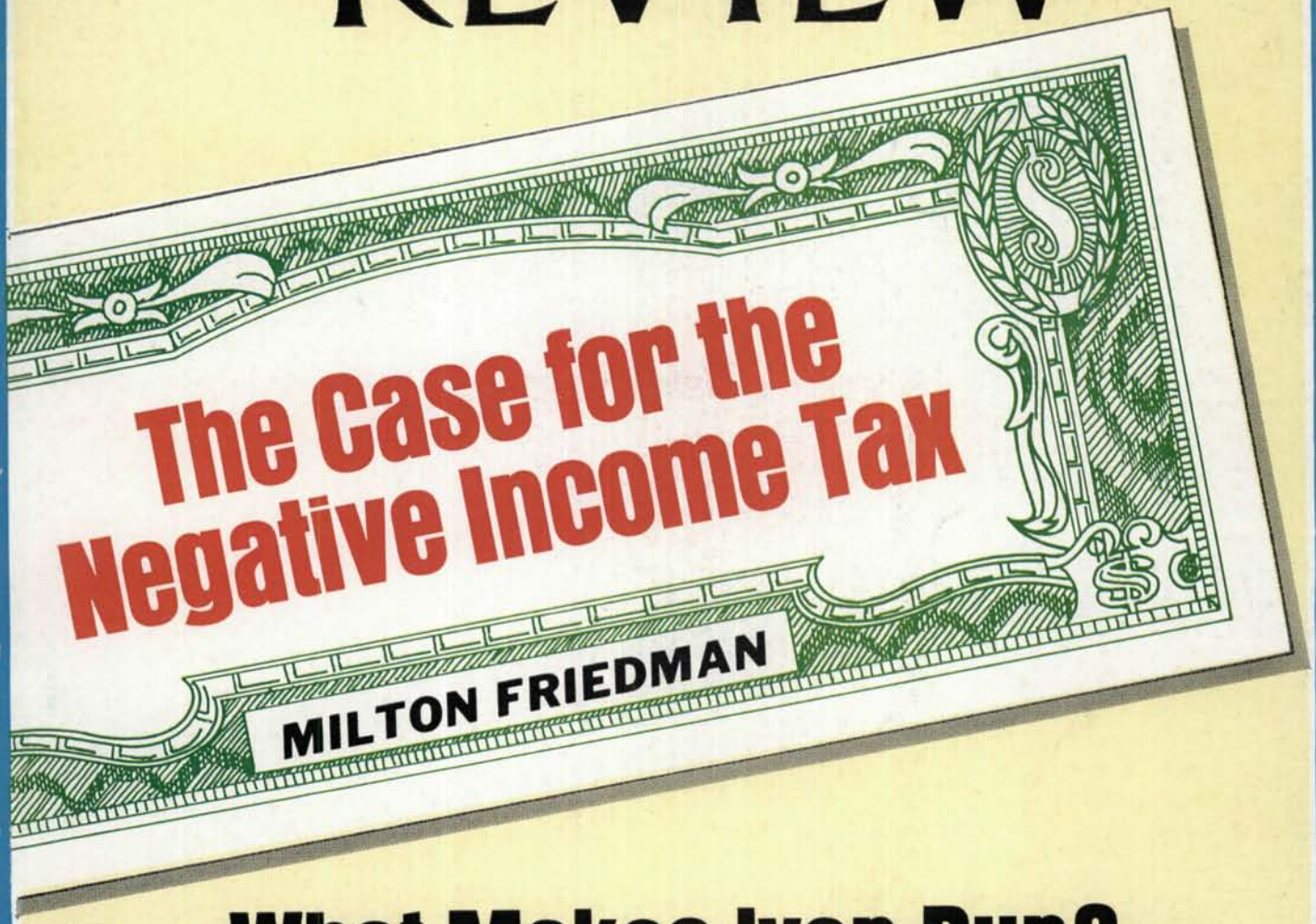
MARCH 7, 1967

SPECIAL:
M. F. BUCKLEY JR.
Writes from Vietnam

NATIONAL REVIEW



What Makes Ivan Run?

ROGER FREEMAN

Also In This Issue:

COLM BROGAN ON BRITAIN GOING TO MARKET ♦ THE BOBBY KENNEDY
PIN-UP DOLL ♦ KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN REPORTS ON THE LONG KNIVES
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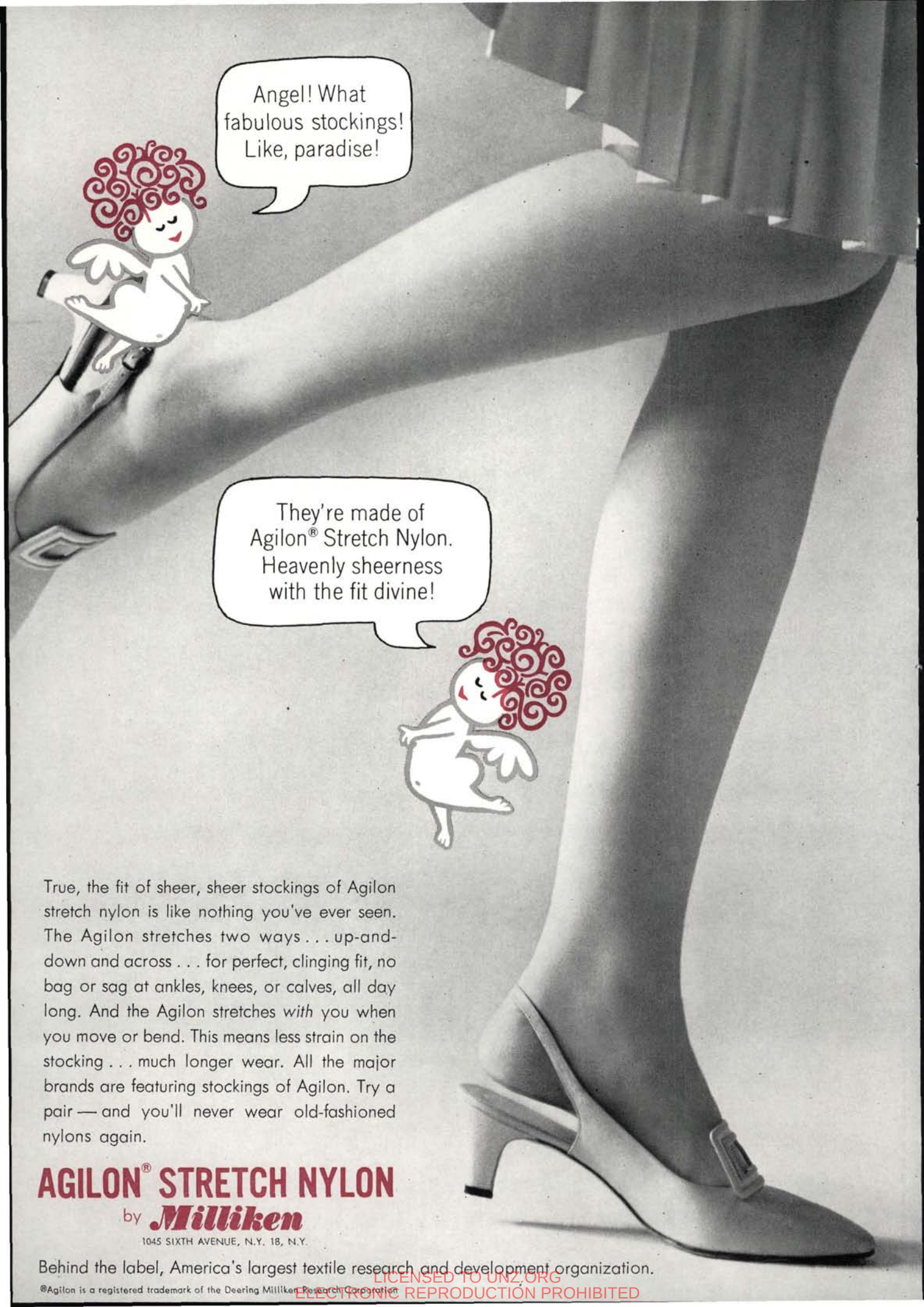
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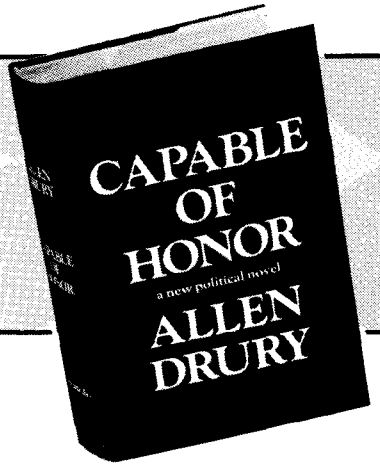

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MARCH 7, 1967

NATIONAL REVIEW

VOL. XIX No. 9

176 The Week

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ELSPETH HUXLEY, *African Affairs* ☐ WILLIAM S. SCHLAMM, *At Large*

Art Director: JAMES W. O'BRYAN ☐ *Production:* EDWARD A. CAPANO
Circulation Manager: JOAN A. RASANEN
Advertising Director: JOHN PRICHARD

NATIONAL REVIEW is published weekly, except the first issue in January, by National Review, Inc., at 45 Gracey St., Meriden, Conn. (second class postage paid at Meriden, Conn.) © National Review, Inc. 1967.

Address all editorial mail, manuscripts, letters to the editor, etc., to *National Review*, 150 East 35th St., New York, N.Y. 10016.

Address all subscription mail, orders, changes of address, undeliverable copies, etc. to *National Review*, Box 1601, Des Moines, Iowa 50306.

RATES: $16.00 a year ($9.00 for the 44-page issues, and $7.00 for the 8-page issues published on the alternate weeks). In all cases, add $1.00 for Canada, $2.00 for other foreign subscriptions.

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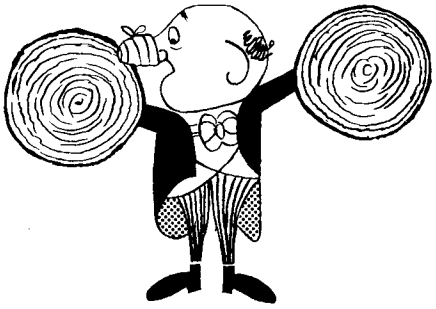
IN • THIS • ISSUE

➔ The eminent economist and President of the American Economic Association, Prof. **Milton Friedman,** is perhaps best known to the general public as the author of the proposal for the so-called negative income tax. Conservatives have often wondered why a brilliant free-market defender should come up with an idea that has proven so popular with welfare statists. Mr. Friedman explains just what his plan is and how it would work, emphasizing that its viability rests on the self-restraint and good will of the electorate—and raising the question whether those who are on the state dole should be granted the right to vote at all. . . . **Roger Freeman** recently spent several months in the Soviet Union investigating the economic system that has raised the USSR to power. He comes up with astonishing and bittersweet conclusions. . . . **Nika Hazelton,** in her splendid career as cook and author, has encountered two things that give her the red-eye. She here issues a general invitation to them to drop dead. No RSVP. . . . Our Research Department has discovered that there are actually *eight* different Robert Kennedys, all of them in public life, all related to JFK. The amazing report commences on page 242.

➔ Our foreign dispatches include two articles on the modern use of terrorism. **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.,** writing from Saigon, notes that the standard view of terrorism doesn't seem to apply any longer —as indeed why should it when terrorists like Ben Bella are welcomed in civilized diplomatic circles? . . . And **Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn** goes into some of the intriguing similarities between the terrorism of the Vietcong and that of Colombia, Peru, Venezuela. . . . **Colm Brogan,** before launching an equine sermon, explains why Harold Wilson has trouble negotiating entry into the Common Market. Because Europe can't negotiate with an un-person, that's why. . . . **James Burnham** keeps his promise to discuss the pros and cons of anti-missile systems. . . . **Russell Kirk** reviews, with pleasure and judicious hope, some of the best of the conservative/libertarian publications now emanating from college campuses and their immediate environs.

➔ **George Fielding Eliot,** the renowned military analyst, has good words for Vol. II of Forest Pogue's biography of the late Gen. George Marshall. It appears LBJ isn't the first to discover that a bit of military action far from home around election time is good for the incumbent President. . . . Another biography, *Disraeli* by Blake, rates a "brilliant" from Mr. **William Waldegrave,** whose writings are better known in England, where he is currently studying at Oxford. . . . **M. Stanton Evans** reviews new books by Anthony Harrigan and Prof. Thomas Molnar which explain the tragedy of a West which concerts its forces never against the Communist enemy but often, as in Rhodesia and South Africa, against its strongest friends. . . . **Arlene Croce** of *NR* and **Peter Witonski** of Oxford have taken a look at what passes for theater and anti-theater these days in New York and London. It seems that a couple of stuffed animals check in at a motel and scribble obscenities on the walls, which proves something about alienation or Saigon or Yankee culture. Would we be at liberty to wonder if it proves something about contemporary theater? ➔



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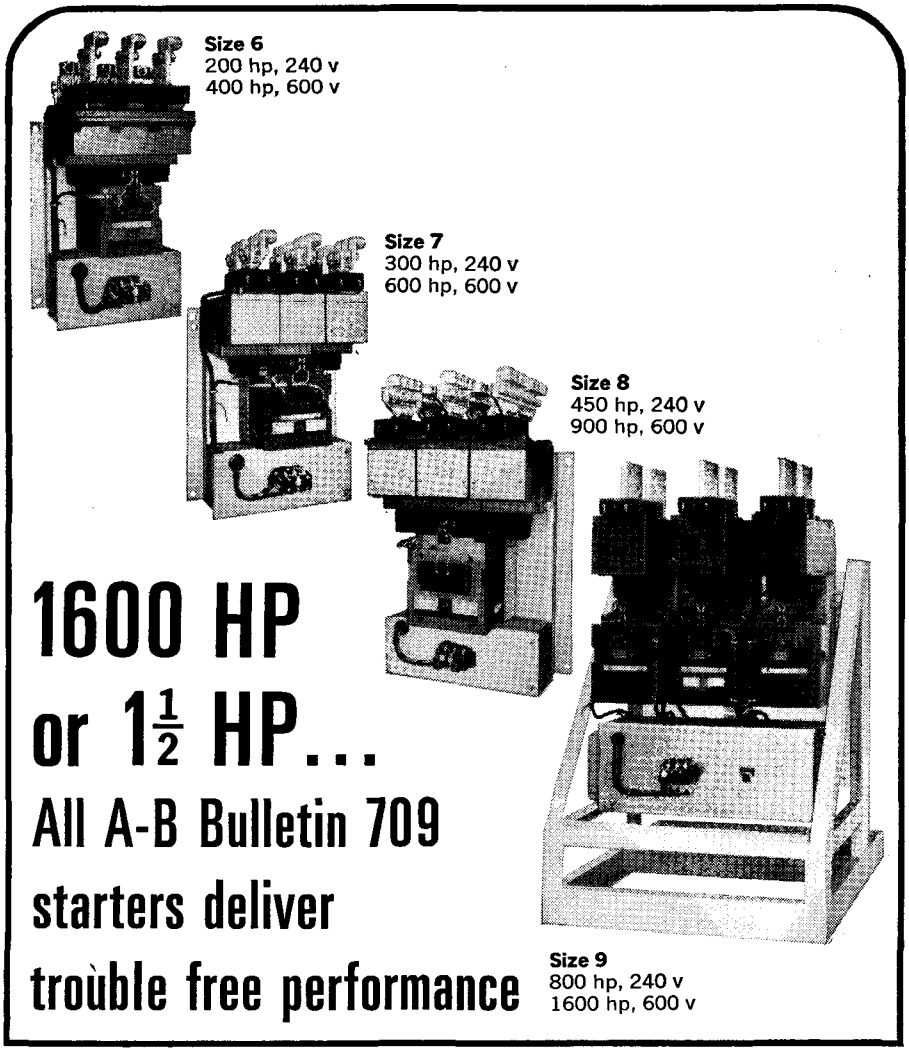

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TO THE EDITOR

Nixon: No Comment

I read with considerable fascination the editorial in the Feb. 21 issue of NATIONAL REVIEW which briefly scourges Mr. Nixon for his "public endorsement" of the proposed Consular Accord being debated in the United States Senate.

"What we can't figure out," confessed the puzzled authors, "is why Mr. Nixon felt called on to give a public endorsement to the proposed Consular Accord with the Soviet Union now under examination by the Senate."

To attempt to fathom the motives of Mr. Nixon is a rather futile exercise in cerebration since, contrary to the editorial, he has made no public statement and given no public endorsement on the consular proposal. For Mr. Nixon to speak out on this issue would be inconsistent with his own self-imposed moratorium on comment on public issues for at least the six months following the November elections.

In 1959, Mr. Nixon endorsed a unanimous decision with the Eisenhower Administration to effect a one-for-one consular agreement with the Soviets which would have resulted in the placing of American consular personnel in Leningrad in return for the placement of Soviet personnel in Chicago.

However, again, Mr. Nixon has made no public statement on the current proposal before the Senate.

PATRICK J. BUCHANAN

New York, N.Y. Aide to Mr. Nixon

NR *based its comment on an Associated Press dispatch dated Feb. 4, which implied that Mr. Nixon had come out in support of the treaty now before the Senate. We welcome this clarification by Mr. Buchanan, and would also have been interested to learn what Mr. Nixon does think of the currently proposed treaty.*

—ED.

Burnham vs. McNamara, Part II

Holding the highest admiration for the views of James Burnham, I do not take lightly his recent writings concerning Defense Secretary McNamara which have created quite a controversy in the pages of NATIONAL REVIEW. I quite agree with Mr. Burnham that the layman, regardless of political persuasion, is unqualified to pass judgment on such far-reaching, complex questions as those at issue. What bothers me, however, is the imposing group of military, scientific and congressional experts who have

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found serious fault with the Secretary's policies. Walter Darnell Jacobs, whose views you print [Feb. 21], is only the latest in a long line of dissidents.

If one is to dismiss the evaluations of Pentagon programs rendered by men such as Generals Twining, LeMay, Power; Admirals Burke, Rickover, Anderson; Doctors Edward Teller and John Foster; Hanson Baldwin of the *New York Times;* Senators Russell, Stennis, Jackson, Thurmond, Goldwater; Representatives Rivers and Hosmer—to name but a few of the more prominent critics of the Secretary—by saying, in effect, that these men are motivated essentially by various vested interests, it would seem to me as though considerable thought should be given to whether such an analysis gives plausibility to the existence of a "credibility gap" on the Right.

Just who is to be believed?

Haledon, N. J. MICHAEL L. SLAVIN

UPON RETURN FROM SALISBURY I SHALL ATTEMPT TO REPLY TO MR. BURNHAM'S IMPRESSIVE IF OVERACTIVE REBUTTAL [FEB. 21]. MEANWHILE HOLD THE THOUGHT.

London WALTER DARNELL JACOBS

Jukesburies

I throughly enjoyed William Buckley's article in the February 21 issue on Barry Goldwater and his great love for his home state of Arizona.

I hope this letter reaches you before the Senator's, because any half-baked student of the West knows that the great Arizona feud was between the *Tewks*burys and the Grahams, rather than the *Jukes*buries and Grahams.

Aside from the severe misspelling of the name, the grammar is poor. I am sure that some "Man at Yale" in the English Department must have taught WFB the basic rudiments of pluralizing a proper noun ending in the letter Y.

New York, N. Y. BERNARD M. KAHN

NR's staff owns to the bad grammar. As to the lore of the West, WFB is a dude in good standing. —ED.

Fun City

"The Week," issue of January 24, notes that in New York City 100,000 are unemployed and there are no porters at Grand Central Station. I have no way of knowing just which "Week" you had in mind. However, just recently, all on the same day, Senator Javits defended his position for higher income taxes, the social workers of New York City went on strike, and the Welfare Department announced that despite the strike, *600,000* welfare checks would be mailed on time!

Cincinnati, Ohio KYLE F. BROOKS

The Other War

Paul Bethel's "Can Castro Start a New Vietnam?" [Feb. 7] was alert and alarming. Castro Communism is entrenching itself in Latin America while we devote our vital energies to the Vietcong. Surely the Administration's voter-containing psychology of "one war at a time" is to blame for this. As Bethel suggests, it is time for the Pentagon to take over and finish what the State Department can no longer control.

Washington, D. C. WYNN TURNER

Lunn on Christianity

Sir Arnold Lunn's question, "What happened to the concern to Christianize? . . ." [Jan. 24] requires an answer to a prior question. Was Christ's directive to "Christianize" the world a list of rational proofs, or was it to be witness to the Divine Love for mankind which Christ gave us from the Cross? Is the Christian only the believer in Christ, or is it he who *is* Christ to mankind. John XXIII said, "*You* are the only Christ with His life and His love, and His truth that an unbeliever can receive." In other words, you are the . . . . "a given sign chosen by Christ to give grace." And what is grace but Christ's life within us?

Twentieth-century Christianity must be doing something wrong; it fails in the face of problems. Not Christ's Christianity, but today's Christians. Is Christ more concerned with the decline of U.S. Catholicism, or the decline of Catholic Christianity?

Franklin Sq., N.Y. PAUL J. SCHLOEDER, DVM

In reading Arnold Lunn's article [Jan. 24] I must assume that he has not visited the University of Notre Dame recently. For if he had, he certainly would have found that it in no wise is a candidate for leading a revival of traditional, that is (if he will excuse the word) "meaningful," Catholicism in America.

Chicago, Ill. RUDOLPH M. UNGER

Sen. Brooke

In reiterating that the election of Brooke of Massachusetts is a liberal Republican success, you overlook a fact which all conservatives should commend. That is that regardless of whether we approve of his politics, we must applaud the fact that for once a Negro has been elected upon his personality and principles rather than for racial reasons. Only when this happens as a matter of course can we have consideration of principles, unweakened by the brain poison of prejudice, self-pity, and racial provincialism.

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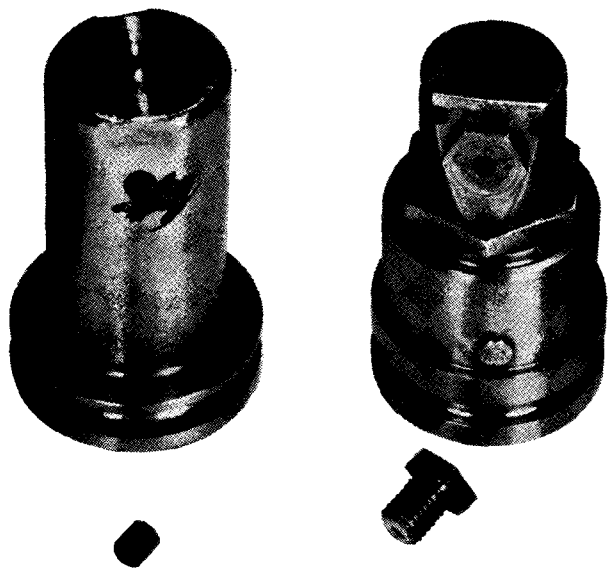

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KENNAMETAL

said, we have had a Catholic President, now if we could have a Negro and a Jew, we could get back to work.

San Marino, Calif. GEORGE D. JAGELS

Writhing Dragon

In addition to the many fine points asserted in your comments on the events in Red China [Jan. 24] there may very well be another of significance. For all the confusion that one must digest from the wire dispatches, I would suggest that the happenings within Communist China, with all the maneuvers for political influence by Communist Party leaders, are, in addition, all-important to the future of that nation's "Revolution." The apparent confusion, now in all parts of China, is proving to be an excellent cover for a radical operation among the nonpolitical leaders of that giant country.

While the Communist leadership can be counted on to take care of itself through continuing purges, the population cannot be left to move along the dialectical line toward Communism without periodic efforts by the dictatorship to cleanse the Marxist-Leninist soul of society. Twenty years of "proletarian rule" has now produced a new indoctrinated generation, committed to purity; ready and able to move into the "revolutionary vanguard." As this continues it becomes less and less necessary for the dictatorship to tolerate the "untrust-

(Continued on p. 269)

NATIONAL REVIEW

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The WEEK

● Hold that tiger! "Asked if his opposition to East-West trade was thawing, Mr. Dirksen said, 'I don't know that I ever got frozen on East-West trade.' On the consular treaty he said, 'I have never said I was absolutely opposed to it. There have been several conferences on this and there will be several more. Then we will see where we are going.'" . . . "The Senate Republican leader told an informal news conference 'the door is never closed' to his possible support for a treaty the Johnson Administration contends represents a crucial effort to ease East-West tensions. Vice President Humphrey predicted in an interview last week that the Illinois Republican, after he had satisfied himself about its provisions, would 'come around' to supporting Senate ratification."

● The New Jersey GOP State Committee has now completed its vendetta against a group of New Jersey Young Republican leaders who called themselves "Rat Finks" and disported themselves as if they were a Herblock cartoon of Barry Goldwater. The senior party has taken over the YR organization lock, stock and barrel. No YR meetings or elections can take place without senior approval. Election of delegates will be controlled from above. State and country GOP chieftains may repudiate any announcements from the YRs. Local chapters not cooperating will be dumped. Several hundred conservative young men and women in New Jersey have had their reputations and perhaps their careers unjustly tarnished. Conover Spencer, executive director of the Republican State Committee, says of them happily, "They've got nowhere to go."

● Windy City Notes: Chicago mayor Richard J. Daley, reputedly the nation's most powerful big-city pol, had a phone call from Bobby Kennedy when that peripatetic was passing through. "He's a great statesman," Daley said of Senator Bob. "He comes from a fine family and there's a place for him." Even so, Daley confesses to a higher loyalty: "I never equivocate. I'm for President Johnson in 1968." Meanwhile Cook County Republican chairman Timothy P. Sheehan, Nixon man of yesteryear, astonished his wide acquaintance by doubting that the former Vice President can make a timely enough comeback for '68. "If I had to bet now," Sheehan declared, "I'd say it would be Percy and Reagan, or more likely, Reagan and Percy."

● Do we observe a shift doveward by Senator Charles Percy? Of late, the fledging has cooed about the need for "renewed efforts" for peace, inclusion of the Vietcong in negotiations, "more specific proposals" from Washington, and other vague goodies. "Total victory" over Communism in Vietnam, he murmured the other day, would be a "catastrophic mistake." When he met with a delegation of peacenik clergymen from his home state, his remarks, according to one Chicago reporter, were "the most dovelike of his three-week career in the Senate." Another Midwestern commentator reports that Percy is already drafting his maiden Senate speech, a wide-ranging discussion of foreign policy and East-West trade, while his backers quietly seek delegate support for 1968 or 1972. All this is widely interpreted as an image-building effort to make Percy into a Republican Bobby Kennedy—and, therefore, among other things, to disassociate him from his Illinois colleague, Everett Dirksen. Possibly significant also, in this connection, are Percy's recent statements that he will oppose the school prayer amendment and support antifilibuster measures.

● Max Lerner, in the *New York Post* for February 10, takes off nimbly after Newton Miller of the Wayne, N.J. school board for the clichés, overtones, illogics, untenable premises, group libels, intolerable conclusions and "category thinking" which dot that gentleman's stand that Jews tend to be spendthrift and had best not sit on his school board. Most of all his category thinking. "When [Miller] attacks two candidates because they are 'like most Jewish people'," pontificates Lerner, "he has moved from the human being to the category—same kind of category that says 'most Catholics' or 'all Negroes,' condemning them en masse. . . . He is risking a stereotype whose vicious consequences are too obvious to underscore." Perhaps Mr. Lerner *should* have underscored them, at that. For he goes on to write: "I have seen and heard other Millers in other Waynes around the nation. *They call themselves conservatives.*"

● In a blaze of publicity, New Orleans District Attorney Jim Garrison has joined the ranks of those who claim that the Kennedy assassination was a conspiracy—and announced that he'll prove it, and make arrests. During his stay in New Orleans shortly before the assassination, Oswald may indeed have talked conspiracy in the Castroite circles he frequented. But it will be remarkable if Garrison can prove that an actual plot on Kennedy's life was hatched and carried out, in the face of strong evidence (especially the attempt on General Walker's life) that by the time he left New Orleans, Oswald was ready to shoot at just about any conspicuous target.

● Robert A. Wallace, assistant Treasury secretary, announced last week he had sent a letter to com-

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mercial banks exhorting them to comply with Treasury regulations concerning discrimination. Twelve thousand of those banks are affected—those with federal deposits. Those with fifty employees or more must file yearly reports detailing the steps they have taken. A poster must be placed prominently in each bank announcing Discrimination Is Prohibited. And, as Mr. Wallace said, "any bank found to be practicing discrimination in refusing to end such practices will lose valuable federal funds."

● Contributed to the *New York Review of Books*, bible of Literary Establishment liberals: a crushing review by art historian Meyer Schapiro of Meyer A. Zeligs' psychoanalytic smear of Whittaker Chambers, *Friendship and Fratricide*. Schapiro, an old Columbia University acquaintance of Chambers', rights the *NYR*'s balance on the Chamber-Hiss case, badly upset two years ago by the publication of Conor Cruise O'Brien's shrill diatribe on *Cold Friday*. Zeligs' book is meeting with massively unfavorable treatment in liberal circles, suggesting that the campaign mounted in the early Sixties to exonerate Hiss has now collapsed.

● A "National Student Conference on Vietnam" is held in Ithaca, N.Y., February 17-19. It is billed as "the first attempt at sober, unemotional campus dialogue on Southeast Asian policy." Delegates from 45 campuses attend. Guest speakers who defend the Administration stand are booed and hissed. A resolution is passed charging the United States with using "abhorrent weapons," supporting a "tyrannical regime," and resorting to "military oppression." The sober, unemotional students demand that we stop bombing, cease firing, pull out and recognize the Vietcong as a "major bargaining agent." Unable to stomach all this, nine delegates (from Fordham, St. John's, Rutgers and MIT) cry "Stacked!" and walk out. On February 20, the government newspaper in Hanoi hails "the mounting struggle of the entire people of the United States of America against Johnson's aggressive war in Vietnam," and calls it a sure sign that the Communist cause will triumph.

● Stop us if we're going too fast. Rhodesia (née Southern Rhodesia) used to transship all exports from landlocked Zambia (née Northern Rhodesia). But Rhodesia having angered Britain and America by self-determining herself, B & A have been financing, by the millions, construction of road and rail from Zambia through Malawi (née Nyasaland) to Tanzania (née Zanzibar and Tanganyika), not to mention foreign aid and Peace Corps activities in Tanzania. Now Tanzania has nationalized all the banks and the top import-export firms, has taken over about two dozen foreign-controlled firms, and has slapped on strict foreign exchange controls. The country is on the verge of economic paralysis, an unlikely condition for shipping Zambian copper to the outside world, and jolly little to show for Peace Corps, foreign aid, and ideological economics.

In Your Heart You Know He's Right

Once a candidate is nominated, whether we like him or we don't, whether we agree with his philosophy or not, we'll all go out and elect him. That's the road to victory in 1968.

—Ray C. Bliss

Into the breach and over the wall!
United we stand; divided we fall.
Romney and Percy and Nixon and "Dirk";
John Maynard Keynes and Edmund Burke.
Pull for the shore, and we all shall be
High and dry with the GOP.
Everyone off his posterior—
Just like we did in '64.

W. H. von Dreele

CIA Chickens Home to Roost

When you try to sort out the rubble of fronts, Foundations, Trusts, Associations, Conferences, Institutes and conduits within conduits, keep in mind what triggered this CIA explosion: a blow by the New Left against the Old Left.

In operations concerned with student movements, women's and youth movements, trade unions, intellectuals, "culture," propaganda and so on, CIA's activist branch has been, almost from the beginning, a political fortress and treasury of the Old Left—the jaded "non-Communist Left" of the *New Republic*, *New Leader*, ADA, Arthur Schlesinger Jr., John Kenneth Galbraith et al. Most of the CIA administrators have been bureaucrats, businessmen or soldiers without much notion of clandestine operations beyond paying out large sums of cash. The Old Left has furnished the ideas guiding the payouts.

The New Left, splitting noisily from the Old, turns its fury against its aging parent. What more tempting target than this ikon, CIA, behind its hush-hush veil? The *Ramparts* image-breakers have the double satisfaction of wounding the nation while at the same time mucking up a juicy racket of their political progenitors grown fat and smug. (It has been amusing to watch how, after a few days of spluttering in the face of the disaster, the Old Left crowd started rallying around dear old CIA, and explaining that these activities were right, proper and praiseworthy.)

"That the agency underwrote the propaganda, the

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Focus on WASHINGTON

◆ The scandal of the Central Intelligence Agency's $3 million subsidy of the left-wing National Student Association is not so much that the government has used students to gather intelligence abroad: that would be a sensible and proper activity for the CIA, even if we disagree on the means used and the type of students selected. The scandal is that the Federal Government has been subsidizing domestic student politics in a significant way—and one particular ideology at that. It is a scandal that has rocked the student community, but is in the process of being muzzled here in the nation's capital.

◆ The word is out that there will be no investigation of the CIA in Congress. There are three primary factors behind the cover-up. The first could be called knee-jerk conservatism, the counterpart of what conservatives ridicule as "knee-jerk liberalism": the Left made the initial attack on the CIA, therefore we must defend it, whatever the merits of the particular case. The second factor is misinformation: CIA director Richard Helms has been assuring members of the CIA watchdog committees in Congress that CIA money went for "international" operations only, and that NSA is a representative body of American students of all political philosophies. Wrong on both counts. The third factor, particularly among the members of the watchdog committees, is self-interest. Most of them are conservatives, and if they admit they knew of the NSA subsidy all along, it could prove embarrassing when their constituents find out something about NSA. If they say they didn't know about the funding, then it raises the prospects that the watchdog has no teeth—and no eyes either.

◆ NSA's own supervisory board admits that CIA funds were used not only for operations abroad, but that "general support also was provided, including administrative grants and occasional donations, to cover NSA budgetary deficits incurred by both the national and international commissions of the association." The CIA policy seems to have been to cover any and all deficits, however incurred. One example, exposed by the Washington *Evening Star*, was the CIA's bailing the NSA out of a $140,000 deficit incurred when it tried to run student cooperative bookstores in competition with commercial stores. Any other organization would have had to pay the economic consequences of the very unbusinesslike procedures followed in the project, but not NSA: Big Daddy was there to keep the organization going. And one aspect that needs congressional investigation is the extent of NSA's budget for international operations, the CIA's formal justification for the subsidy. It is noted that at the time the affair became public, NSA had only four representatives abroad; yet it admits that the CIA has been footing up to 80 per cent of its annual budgets.

◆ And what did the taxpayer get for his $3 million? He got an organization which represented the United States at home and abroad by condemning U.S. action in Cuba, the Dominican Republic, the Panama Canal Zone, and Vietnam. An organization that favored admission of Red China to the United Nations, and a coalition government in Vietnam that would include the Vietcong. An organization that supported the Japanese students whose riots forced former President Eisenhower to cancel his trip to that country.

◆ Over at headquarters of Young Americans for Freedom—NSA's chief opponent on the campus—there is considerable disappointment and concern over the congressional cover-up. The young conservatives point out that the CIA grants took place at a time when students were repudiating NSA, and that NSA's own program at its last convention admitted that "at present about 280 of the 1,700 eligible schools belong. This number represents a significant drop in membership from 1961, when about 350 schools belonged to the organization." The feeling at YAF is that the CIA money was all that kept NSA going—that otherwise their "stop NSA" drive would have been even more successful than indicated in the NSA program quoted above. They also note that to the congressional watchdogs $3 million may seem like peanuts, but from the perspective of the youth organizations it looks like Fort Knox. **—CATO**

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organizations and the travels of non-Communist leftists and liberals the world over was known to many persons, suspected by many more and written about by some," wrote Max Frankel (*New York Times*, Feb. 18). Yes, of course it was, and among them, be assured, the Communists. But the general public and the majority of congressmen did not know. If they had known, they would have seen that these operations affected domestic as well as international politics and would have noticed the gross political bias; and they might therefore have demanded a correction or a halt.

Consider the National Student Association—a typical example among dozens in the list—which got several CIA millions, comprising 80 per cent of its total budget for all purposes domestic and foreign, over the past fifteen years (see Focus on Washington). Now, NSA is not the only organization of college students. If it hadn't been getting that CIA cash, NSA might possibly have faded away; even with the infusions it doesn't amount to much on most campuses. What gives NSA the exclusive franchise to the CIA moneybags?

The NSA leadership has always been left-liberal. In international conferences and congresses as on their local campuses, its leaders have been untiring purveyors of the ADA clichés: always ready to join enthusiastically in condemning imperialism, colonial-

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ism, racism, nuclear tests, McCarthyism, fascism and Nazism and apologizing for the myriad evils of capitalist America as catalogued by the international Left. Frequently, and on the most critical issues (Cuba, Dominican Republic, Red China, role of the Vietcong) the NSA position has been directly opposed to the position of the United States Government—but exactly in line with the international non-Communist Left.

So the money of the taxpayers, flowing through the CIA conduits, has been used to foster such ideas and the persons who hold them, on the campuses of this country—in flagrant violation of the law which created CIA—and at scores of international gatherings, in accord with CIA's Old Left doctrine that the way to deal with critics, opponents and enemies still further to the Left is by truckling to them. Granted the propriety of this field of activity, it might still have seemed to the public and to Congress, if the facts had been openly before them, that some other campus organizations should have shared in the largesse, and that among the young Lochinvars sent to do battle in the international conclaves a few hard anti-Communists and even an occasional enthusiastic pro-American might have been included.

In all countries there exist persons and organizations firmly anti-Communist in political tendency. Given modest backing—in political and personal attitude even more importantly than in cash—these groups might have been greatly strengthened and expanded; and in fact they have been in a number of cases without benefit of CIA. When the chips are down, these are the people on whom we have to count. But in general, abroad as at home, they are not the sort in whom CIA, under the guidance of non-Communist leftism, has been interested. Lots of CIA money has gone to finance cosy congresses of intellectuals or students in posh quarters where the likes of Arthur Schlesinger, Robert Oppenheimer, Dwight Macdonald and Edward Shils (or their young imitators) could unite with left-wing intellectuals flown in from all parts of the globe in denouncing the crimes and vulgarities of America, hailing the progress of the latest batch of terrorists and welcoming the newest steps toward coexistence.

The sin and scandal of CIA do not consist in its support of activity in the field, but in the clumsiness of its techniques and above all the falsity of its political premises. The clumsy techniques have been laid bare to the world as a result of a mere pinprick by a sensation-mongering New Left magazine. It is almost incredible that any outfit in the field of intelligence, however inexperienced, should have set up a major organizational complex in such total violation of the tested rules for undercover operations. But this affair has also exposed the falsity of the political premises.

Though *Ramparts* pulled the trigger, the explosive power had been built up by the Vietnam war. The war is the test for the political doctrine that dominated these CIA operations, and it has flunked the test, if the interests of the United States are taken as criterion. Many of the organizations and individuals adhering to that doctrine and just for that reason backed (in some cases recruited) by CIA have collapsed in face of the war, both here and internationally. One sector has swung all the way over to the New Left and Vietnikism. The more staid crowd, holding the Old Left line, stops short of disloyalty but puts forward the slogans that mean pull-out and defeat. The unequivocal supporters of our side of the war we are in, in this country and through the world, are for the most part precisely the people whom CIA shunned, who never saw a cent of CIA money or heard an encouraging word from a CIA agent. Most of the crowd that CIA buttered up are against us in the war.

The conservatives in Congress have missed the cue in this drama. Believing in the necessity of CIA, and anxious to protect it in an emergency, they responded to the exposure by an uncritical defense of CIA. Action, and ruthless action, by Congress is urgently required: to establish responsibilities for the clumsy techniques and the false policies, to demand the ouster of the individuals responsible and to insist on a new course.

We repeat, finally, a recommendation several times put forward in these pages and strikingly reinforced, we believe, by these latest events: to separate wholly the intelligence function from the clandestine operations function, now both combined in CIA. If we as a democratic people insist on wrecking our attempts at clandestine operations, let us at any rate protect that indispensable intelligence function from going down in the same ship.

The Evil Eye

CBS and NBC would like to get their camera crews into Hanoi. Bertrand Russell's International War Crimes Tribunal would like more money to finance its pending arraignment of Lyndon Johnson and other top American butchers of Vietnam. So the Bertrand Russell Foundation offers to ease the way to Hanoi if the networks will cooperate by 1) paying large sums for the service, 2) providing the Tribunal with the filmed evidence it needs to get on with its mighty labors, 3) allowing the footage to be a) censored and b) restricted to showings inside the U.S. and its territories. All of which causes CBS and NBC to utter a manlier equivalent of "Take back your mink," and resolve never to deal with the villains again.

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Everyone knows that the so-called War Crimes Tribunal is nothing but villainy afoot. Lord Russell has announced the verdict, "Guilty," in advance. The fraud is so apparent that even Jean-Paul Sartre has withdrawn his support; so have Simone de Beauvoir, Stokely Carmichael, Danilo Dolci and a number of prominent and usually injudicious folk. Paris, proposed site of the "trial," has shown no intention of cooperating with Russell's scheme.

And yet like the evil eye the Tribunal continues to exert its spell. Part of the attraction lies in the undeniably pathetic spectacle of a once-great mind surrendering to a primitive and nonsensical vision of the world conflict in an almost comically precise inversion of the lucid perceptions to which it once gave birth. But if one were to subtract Russell, one would be left with very small potatoes indeed—a handful of bit players, one or two minor celebrities, and Ralph Schoenman, the fanatically anti-American American whom the old man has taken for his own, and who aids and inspires him. That Schoenman is the mastermind behind the Tribunal is accepted by many observers who have followed his progress from expatriate roughneck battling police in Trafalgar Square to bearded eminence ensconced in the affections of one of the West's great philosophers. "Schoenman's controversial style may be classified as Extreme Hysterical," writes Bernard Levin in the *New York Times*. "His letters to the press are full of charges against his opponents of lying, suppression, ignorance, malice and the like—and at times he reaches a level at which it becomes difficult to continue to regard him as being fully responsible for his actions. Thus, in one dispute with a London newspaper he complained of its treatment of him to Britain's Press Council—a body set up to consider and report on cases of alleged impropriety by newspapers, the chairman of which is an august former judge of the High Court, Lord Devlin. When Devlin and the Council rejected Schoenman's complaint as without foundation, he immediately issued a statement saying that their decision was consciously dishonest."

Punch Ben Roth Agency
"Looking round, you get no idea of the ferment back home."

That is the spirit in which Schoenman is conducting his Tribunal in Russell's name—without which we venture to say no Tribunal could exist. It is the spirit in which he responded to press stories of his attempt to make deals with American networks. And it is apparently very much to Lord Russell's taste, more's the pity. "Schoenman may be Mephistopheles," writes Levin, "but he is not Svengali; he may have persuaded Russell to believe in, and propagate, the most odious rubbish, but the fact remains that Russell *does* believe it, and is not just a mindless puppet, good for nothing but holding the pen." Which is why, surely, it were better to draw a curtain over this last sad stunt, to hide Schoenman's viciousness and Russell's shame.

Words from the White House

The President has sent another Message to the Congress, this time on "the consumer," and one stares at the Message as it lies there, occupying an entire page of newsprint, as one would stare at the Library of Congress, baffled by its monumental bulk, dimly pleased to know that everything, at last, has been said that needed to be said, and feeling a rudimentary prick of guilt because one knows it is one's duty as an Informed Citizen to study the public utterances of the President, just as it is the holy obligation of others, perhaps no less baffled, to study the Collected Thoughts of Chairman Mao.

There seems to be a close relation between the degree of state centralization and the longwindedness of the Chief of State. Washington seldom spoke more than a few minutes. Lincoln at Gettysburg did the job in two hundred words. Cal Coolidge, period. Since 1932 the Federal Government and the Presidential oratory have expanded apace. The Tsar was curt. Stalin wrote a shelf of books, Khrushchev used never to speak less than four hours to the Presidium, Castro thinks nothing of a six-hour harangue on television, and it takes President Johnson almost 10,000 words to tell the Congress he believes "the consumer" needs "protection."

Indeed, the bulk and comprehensiveness of Presidential Messages have reached gargantuan dimensions. This year already the President has spoken out on air quality, water resources, highway safety, national parks, veterans' pensions, child centers, preschool training, dental care, summer camps, medical aid, the economy, the state of the union, juvenile delinquency, police training, crime, the elderly, neighborhood centers. . . . and more often than not it takes the President a good 10,000 words to make his point.

Verbosity is language mechanized. The machinery

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of the Presidential Message never changes. Start with a historical reference ("Almost 100 years ago the 42nd Congress enacted . . .") to prove mainstreamlined. Refer to recent Presidents of the same political party as the present President ("Woodrow Wilson's day . . . Franklin Roosevelt"). Take credit for all evidence of prosperity ("Nearly six million more Americans are at work. . . . Real income after taxes has advanced 13 per cent . . ."). Then hit hard with the Presidential But. Every Presidential Message has its But. Things are going great, But. In this case:

"But the march of technology that has brought unparalleled abundance and opportunity to the consumer has also exposed him to new complexities and hazards. . . ."

Propose universal remedies for the largest and smallest problems of life. ("Truth in Packaging Act . . . Traffic and Highway Safety Acts . . . Child Protection Act . . . Truth in Lending Act . . . Interstate Land Sales Full Disclosure Act . . . Welfare and Pension Plan Protection Act . . . Mutual Fund Shareholders Safeguard Act . . . Medical Device Safety Act . . . Clinical Laboratories Improvement Act . . . Wholesome Meat Act . . . National Product Safety Act . . . Flammable Fabrics Act . . . Fire Safety Act . . . Natural Gas Pipeline Safety Act . . . Electric Power Reliability Act . . .").

Finish, if Republican, with a reference to God. If Democratic, refer to freedom and/or democracy (". . . so that in common purpose and joint effort we may assure success for freedom's cause").

Thus the inner machinery of the Presidential Message. The next Message, and the next and the next forever, will be constructed identically. The machine cannot be reprogrammed. As one might expect, in all this flapdoodle, the tests of reality and relevance are obscured. But it is not the purpose of a Message to have a real answer to a real problem.

Air Pollution

The problem, stated simply, is that under certain weather conditions a great deal of combustion waste is concentrated in the atmosphere of various metropolitan areas, doing dirt to public health. The response to date has been political-bureaucratic, i.e., worse than worthless. The Federal Clean Air Act went on the books in 1963. We actually have a National Center for Air Pollution Control, thank you, and a Chief of Program Survey Grants named Charles Yaffe. In Washington the Public Health Service has a Bureau of Disease Prevention and Environmental Control, thank you (Deputy Director, Vernon MacKenzie). There is a New York-New Jersey Interstate Conference on Air Pollution. We have an Interstate Sanitation Commission. The bureaucracy grows and grows, while the actual problem of air pollution seems beyond control.

Further expansion of the bureaucracy is now proposed, granting enormous power to the Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare to appoint regional commissions, establish standards, levy fines and, in effect, assume control of the entire situation.

What should libertarian conservatives say in these circumstances? Ideally the courts would have patiently built up a system of tort law similar to the definition of riparian right as the problem came into being slowly over the years, but we are no longer living in an age of libertarian law. It is rather an age of positive statute law, and everyone, including the courts, expects "the law" (i.e., Washington) to take the initiative.

But Washington has no weapon the states don't already have, including Public Health Laws and the power to write further laws providing harsher penalties. If positive law must be the method, then the case for leaving the problem largely to the states is solid. The Constitution specifically authorizes compacts between states, and the problem is actually so localized that there is hardly any reason to invoke the national federal power. Pollution is centered in about two dozen metropolitan or industrial areas. Perhaps thirty states have no problem at all. Washington could be of tangible help by using its already established Weather Bureaus to report on air pollution regularly—say once a day per weather station. Washington could help in constructing uniform state laws governing pollution control. It should be a crime to operate an automobile that pollutes the air. Officers of corporations that pollute the air should be fined progressive portions of their salary and other pay until they shape up. Municipal plants should be sanified immediately, without regard to cost, on the very good grounds that taxes spent in stopping pollution are swiftly regained in better public health and less tax erosion. Federal law should permit a state to sue another if it refuses to enter into a compact to control interstate air pollution.

Looking further ahead, the libertarian conservative has reason to suspect that any gross federal project in air pollution may turn out to be unnecessary after all. Close inspection of the face of the land reveals several startling developments. Populations are scattering to the countryside; new construction is flat, not vertical. Industries are leaving cities and creating "industrial parks" in what was farmland. Industry is not the exclusive cause of pollution: industry must be concentrated. With the long-term dispersion of industry and population, it is reasonable to foresee a decline in the concentration that leads to pollution. Also, the auto industry is returning to the idea of the electric auto, thanks to recent developments in batteries and in electric power production. The electric auto is at its best in the city, where runs are short; and it is only in cities that we find automoble exhausts a problem.

How's that for creative thinking?

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Help us spread the good word

The other day we met a smart-looking young matron, who asked a question heard often nowadays:

"Do you watch Bill Buckley on *Firing Line*?"

She was genuinely surprised when we answered that we also worked with that same Bill Buckley here at *National Review*.

"I didn't know Bill Buckley edited a magazine!" she answered.

You can imagine how gratified we were when she immediately asked how she could get a subscription. "Oh, no trouble at all!" we answered, eagerly.

But it *is*, you know. We went through all the go-find-pencil-and-paper, what's-the-ZIP-again?, do-I-send-it-to-you? business—and it made us realize again just how handy (not to mention effective) it is to have available at such choice moments a little card like the one facing this page.

You can't do us a bigger favor than to tear it out *right this minute* (before you forget) and use it without delay to introduce someone you know to *National Review*.

Bet a 5¢ Cigar

Tell them about us. Flash the card. Bet them the price of a good 5¢ cigar that they'll love NR. But *please*, get us those new readers we want and need! You can do it much better than *we* can (and it's *your* friends we're looking for!).

Many thanks.

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Unrest in Spain

Last month it was the university students of Spain who were in trouble with the government. Before that it had been miners, blue-collar workers, Basque nationalists, Catalonians, journalists, intellectuals, writers, artists, even taxi drivers. There was a ripple in the land, a probing against authority that was more outspoken, less careful, than it had been for years. It reflected a number of things: the arteriosclerosis of a regime long in power; Spain's informal re-integration into a highly industrialized Europe; the dislocations that accompany the move from an agrarian to an advanced economy; growth of a middle class that was demanding better housing, better food, better living conditions for its risk and labors. And an influx of cash: from Spain's surplus workers who have moved all through Europe filling the jobs that more skilled native workers have vacated and who send their earnings home; from American naval and air installations; from tourists (last year, for the first time, tourists spent more in Spain than they did in Italy).

Although it was just three months ago that the Spanish people had overwhelmingly voted to adopt a new and more liberal constitution, the regime was still able to crack down hard and fast on political dissenters—as the students at Valencia and Barcelona were finding out. But still, change was in the air, and as the aging Falange and its aging leader moved toward their fourth decade in power it seemed less and less probable that the shift-over—when it comes—would be back in the direction of monarchy, no matter how restricted, rather than forward toward some form of republican government. If that's the way it works out, Franco will have, in an ironic way, been instrumental in completing the job started by his old foes, the Republicans.

J. Robert Oppenheimer, RIP

It does not seem possible to bring J. Robert Oppenheimer's life and character into a clear focus. There remains an ambivalence, an aura of mystery and dark magic. What was he truly like? what were the demons that drove him, by the evidence of his haunted face as well as of his tense career, so relentlessly? Trying to answer, we somehow begin to think of art rather than life, but is it Hamlet, Macbeth, Timon, Othello, or Iago? His pride—*superbia, hubris* rather, in its excess—was obvious, from which he placed himself beyond the rules applying to others: that he should lie to stupid investigators, should choose friend or mistress by his own whim or passion rather than the code to which he was pledged, should put his own judgment of the nation's destiny above that of any magistrate or tribunal—such acts, for him, were plainly *Beyond Good and Evil.* How severe a trauma it must then have been that he, He, should have been denied routine clearance to secret things, like a common drunk or seedy Communist-fronter! But there seems also to have been a strain of intense frustration. Though he was exceedingly intelligent, immensely talented and enormously learned, Oppenheimer was not a really creative scientist; no great theoretical discovery will bear his name. There are many who believed this failure soured the core of his being, and that many of his actions and thoughts express that inner bitterness. For most of his life—at Los Alamos as at Princeton—he was in fact an administrator rather than scientist, and in his latter years he was much given to moody reflections—in prose that was sometimes impressive but never quite pure or serene—on the vast metaphysical concepts. He carries the mystery of his person, as of his deeds, to the grave, and there it is likely to remain.

THE NR POLL

As the 1968 convention draws near, Republican Party leaders and the rank and file have good reason to eye one another warily. Will the party hierarchy listen to its self-appointed friends in the liberal press who, with sudden tender concern for the GOP, assure their readers that a conservative Just Can't Win? Will the millions who couldn't be sold the proposition that Barry Goldwater wanted to blow up little girls be instructed to vote for a me-too candidate? Or will responsible conservatives in the Republican Party be heard?

That they may be heard, *NR* has instituted a poll to determine the attitudes of its predominantly Republican, predominantly conservative readership. The *NR* poll will keep a continuing watch on conservatives' preferences for the 1968 Republican nomination. Between now and 1968 we hope to poll all *NR* subscribers; results will be published at monthly intervals. The *NR* poll will be much the most extensive sounding of those sections of the population from which the Republican Party can hope to garner votes.

Here are the responses to the poll, from a first group of subscribers.

—27.4 per cent: "I will vote for the Republican candidate in 1968 only if he is a conservative."

—34.2 per cent: "I will vote for the Republican candidate in 1968 if he is a conservative or at least a middle-of-the-roader, but not if he is a liberal."

—12.3 per cent: "I expect to vote for any Presi-

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dential candidate the Republican Party is likely to nominate in 1968, on the theory that any Republican will be better than anyone the Democrats are likely to name."

—17.8 per cent: "If the Republicans nominate a liberal in 1968, I will vote for a third-party candidate or write in a conservative."

—4.1 per cent: "If the Republicans nominate a liberal in 1968, I will vote for Johnson."

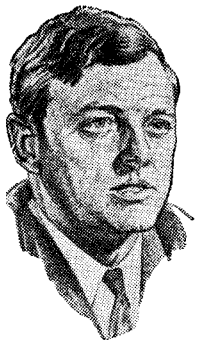
—4.2 per cent: "If the Republicans nominate a liberal in 1968, I will not vote for a Presidential candidate."

Letter from Saigon

Terrorism — Weapon of Warfare

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

A Psywar (psychological warfare) captain who has been in Vietnam off and on for five years remarks that the role of terrorism in Vietnam is not understood in the West. It is axiomatic in the West, he believes, that terroristic methods outrage the entire community, not only the community involved, but the wider community of those who look on.



Buckley

At a daily press briefing given by the U.S. Mission, it was matter-of-factly announced that that morning the Vietcong had entered the town of Quang Tin and assassinated the schoolteacher there. The same morning another detachment of the Vietcong tossed out a grenade on highway No. 1 killing two South Vietnamese civilians. Again that same morning, a hand grenade was tossed into a small assembly of civilians on the outskirts of Saigon, killing three, wounding six. The figures for the week—incomplete figures, one supposes, since some people die anonymously—34 killed, 55 wounded, 131 abducted.

That, of course, is the kind of thing that has been going on for over eight years, and one would think that such atrocities would have generated the kind of community opposition that, say, the persecution of Anne Frank did during the Second World War or, on a different scale, the liquidation of Lidice. Not so, Psywar insists. The Vietnamese attitude is different. If one of the people killed, tortured or abducted is his brother, sister or aunt, the Vietnamese will predictably pledge eternal hostility to the Vietcong. That works both ways: the stray napalm bomb dropped by an American plane will drive the immediate relatives of the afflicted parties into the ranks of the Vietcong.

But what is absent is the sense of community outrage. Those in the hamlet who are unrelated to the assassinated schoolteacher are not galvanized by a desire to avenge her death, or to prevent such a thing from happening to her successor. They view the episode simply as indicative of the relationship of forces. If the Vietcong can kill a schoolteacher while the Americans and South Vietnamese cannot keep her from being killed, why, that is how things stand; and practical considerations require cooperation with the killers, rather than with those who failed to keep the killers at bay. That is one of the reasons why, in Vietnam, terrorism has been productive even as, it is supposed, terrorism would be counter-productive in the West, where it would serve only to unite the community in opposition.

The young Psywar captain is no doubt correct, and it therefore makes sense that, above all, our propaganda leaflets and our broadcasts to the Vietnamese countryside should emphasize the relative advantage of siding with us against the Vietcong, inasmuch as we are winning, and they are losing. But the captain is probably a little romantic about the effects of terrorism on the West.

Terrorism is abhorred. In Western moral textbooks, sure. But the successful terrorists don't have very much difficulty in making their way comfortably among the cosmopolitan elements of the Western world. It was only a matter of months between the time the Algerians swept a machine gun across the bodies of men, women and children bathing at a public beach, and their commander's arrival on an official visit to New York City where he was warmly embraced. Castro used to chop people up pretty much for the sake of it while at the Sierra Maestra, and when he first came to America a few months later he was treated like St. Francis of Assisi.

John Steinbeck is in Saigon and his moral conscience is nowadays absolutely secure. He writes about VC atrocities wonderingly, with that refreshing sense of shock which makes one wish that years ago he might have visited a few of the labor camps in the Soviet Union.

Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge told a visitor that without the terror, it would all have been over a long time ago. And now the VC, according to captured documents, have lost control during 1966 of one million Vietnamese. Their response? More terror, in all probability. But it is increasingly difficult to conscript young peasants into the VC army.

Recently a hamlet leader known to be unsympathetic to the VC was, while still alive, publicly disemboweled and then, while yet alive, his eyes were punctured by bayonet points. That'll do it every time. It would be enough to make an unwilling Democrat join the Republican Party.

There are those who believe that the answer is to bring the VC into a coalition government, which suggests the true nature of the effect that terrorism has had on the new Western mind, which the Psywar captain knows so little about.

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The Third World War

JAMES BURNHAM

The AMS Campaign

We are presently being subjected to an aggressive propaganda campaign aiming to persuade us that survival demands an immediate crash program to deploy an anti-missile system. The campaign pattern is familiar from analogues spread over the years—concerning big bombers, ground divisions, satellites, carriers, nuclear submarines, missiles, etc., not to speak of battleships, machine guns and sloops in a more distant past.

Burnham

From the standpoint of the nation's security, some of these campaigns have made sense, and some haven't. There is no way of telling from the heat of the rhetoric.

It is relevant in these cases, though certainly not conclusive, to note the interests and attitudes involved. An anti-missile system must, for example, be of acute concern to the Army. The Navy has Polaris-Poseidon; the Air Force has the intercontinental missiles as well as bombers and most of the defense against bomber assault. The Army is thus out in the cold strategically, and there is a feeling that this is not fair. It is generally assumed that a deployed AMS, at any rate of the sort at present envisaged, will be the Army's show.

Is is also obvious enough—as Wall Street investment letters have lately been stressing—how much an AMS would mean to many up-and-coming corporations.

As for popular attitudes, to go ahead with AMS seems emotionally almost self-evident. What possible reason can there be for *not* setting up a shield against the catastrophic threat of nuclear missiles?

Well, among possible reasons are the fact that no AMS available either to us or to the enemy would make a satisfactory shield, and the further fact that there is a better method of achieving the defensive purpose.

Bombs and Statistics

The statistics of defense against nuclear missiles are not like the statistics of defense against aircraft carrying non-nuclear bombs. If you can bring down ten per cent of the aircraft on each conventional raid, you might suffer considerable damage for a while, but you would have the attacking force licked. If the rate were raised to an average fifty per cent, there would be no problem. But fifty per cent, or even sixty or seventy, is not good enough against nuclear warheads. Just one getting through can mean millions of casualties. We should keep in mind that a modest one-megaton warhead of today has fifty times the power of the Hiroshima bomb. At this stage of AMS development, it is possible that in many areas a fully deployed system would not reduce casualties at all.

But wouldn't an AMS be worth while if it saved 40 or 50 million American lives, as we are told it could, even if it didn't save any in this or that particular location? The answer is less obvious than it seems. It is not clear that there would be a significant *strategic* difference between, say, 130 million and 80 million casualties. Commanders who ruled out a course of action because it would lead to 130 million casualties on their own side would not permit it because the anticipated casualty figure was lowered to 80 million, or even to much less than 80 million. These casualty figures are, we might say, of the same strategic order.

For a decision to go ahead with a major modern weapons system, as for the decision of a commander to commit his reserves, the usual rule is: the later the better, if not too late. We do in fact have an anti-missile system ("Nike-X") on which we have spent more than $2 billion, but it is still held at the stage of development. Because it has been so held, it is today a far better system than it was a few years ago, and tomorrow it will be much better still—unless, that is, it goes into production. "If it works," the defense scientists say, "it's obsolete."

The global strategic equilibrium is not a static but a dynamic relationship. Each move by either side calls forth a countering move from the other. The Soviet Union has evidently deployed some sort of limited AMS, and therefore we are responding. One of our countering moves is the proposal that both sides agree to lay off AMS—a rather good psywar ploy, however intended, to confuse the opponent. Another is a speedup in the programs for a new generation of advanced missiles (Poseidon, Minuteman III and a new SRAM among them) able to penetrate the Soviet AMS.

No Defense Against Suicide

Unless a technological breakthrough presented us with a virtually impenetrable AMS, the most effective and flexible method of protection would still seem to be what it has been ever since the Soviet Union acquired serious ICBM capability: our own deterrent power. So long as we possess weapons able to exert that power, we shall have the material means of protection against strategic attack, on one assumption: that no opposing nation chooses to commit suicide. If a nuclear-armed nation should so choose, there can be no protection in our epoch.

As a result of the present agitation we are probably going to get some kind of AMS. The best case can be made for a deployment designed to help defend our own missiles. But there is a great danger in this entire AMS trend of thinking. In psychological reality the AMS is merely one more Maginot Line. Nothing is more fatal for a nation than the Maginot Line style of thought. Like all Maginot Lines, even the most perfect anti-missile defense system can be turned. Who decrees that the only way to get a nuclear weapon into a harbor or city of this country is on top of a missile? or, for that matter, that the only way to defeat us is by weapons of mass destruction?

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The Case for the Negative Income Tax

The author insists the Right has misunderstood his negative income tax proposal. He explains why it is better than current government welfare programs

MILTON FRIEDMAN

I am delighted to accept your open invitation to reply to your comments on proposals for a guaranteed annual income.

My support of a negative income tax has been and remains entirely serious, neither tongue-in-cheek nor Machiavellian. The case I made for it in *Capitalism and Freedom* still seems to me entirely valid; indeed, further thought has only reinforced my belief in its desirability.

Your paragraph, like so much writing on this subject, confuses labels with substance. The elementary fact is that we now have a governmentally guaranteed annual income in substance though not in name. In effect, that is what our grab-bag of relief and welfare measures is. In some states, it is even written into the law that anyone whose income is "inadequate" is entitled as a matter of right to have it supplemented and brought up to an "adequate" level, as judged of course by the welfare agencies. And whether explicitly specified in law or not, the same thing is true almost everywhere in the U. S.

Our present de facto guaranteed annual income is a mess. It is expensive and most of the money goes to people who are not by any stretch of the imagination poor. It involves a tremendous bureaucracy, widespread intervention into the operation of the market system in areas that have nothing to do with poverty, and inexcusable interferences with the individual freedom and dignity of the truly poor who receive assistance, let alone of the rest of us. Equally serious, it has the worst possible effect on incentives, because a dollar earned and revealed is a dollar of relief lost. It tends to produce poor people, and a permanent class of poor people living on welfare, rather than to help the unavoidably indigent.

I favor the negative income tax because it would be vastly superior to our present guaranteed annual income. It would cost much less, give more help to the truly poor, avoid interference with personal freedom, preserve some incentives to work, and drastically reduce the present bureaucracy.

If we lived in a hypothetical world in which there were no governmental welfare programs at all and in which all assistance to the destitute was by private charity, the case for introducing a negative income tax would be far weaker than the case for substituting it for present programs. For such a world, I might very well not favor it. But, whether desirable or not, that is not our world and there is not the remotest chance that it will be in the foreseeable future.

Mr. Hazlitt does not in any way whatsoever "demolish," as you put it, my arguments for the negative income tax. On the contrary, he grants them. He rejects the negative income tax on very different grounds: that it is not politically feasible to get it adopted, either as a substitute for present measures or otherwise, because it will be converted to a wholly different proposal that I oppose as fully as he does.

Mr. Hazlitt may be right. He almost surely will be if every libertarian and conservative attacks the negative income tax on his grounds, even though each would vastly prefer it to our present welfare measures. That is truly to let the best be the enemy of the good. Unless we propose an alternative and fight both to have it introduced as a substitute for present programs rather than an addition to them, and also to keep it to a modest and acceptable scale, just who is likely to do so? It is most uncharacteristic of both Mr. Hazlitt and NATIONAL REVIEW to give up a fight on grounds of political feasibility.

It will be a tragic wasted oppor-

Once Upon a Time

. . . NATIONAL REVIEW *ran an editorial remarking on several proposals for a guaranteed minimum wage, some of which would achieve their aim by means of a "negative income tax." Our editorialist concluded:*

Now the July issue of the Freeman carries a brilliant essay by Mr. Henry Hazlitt on the whole topic, and the fat's in the fire. For Mr. Hazlitt, a pillar of free-market wisdom, rightly tags Prof. Milton Friedman, another pillar, with the responsibility for giving the greatest recent boost to the idea of a guaranteed annual income. . . . A lot of people think Friedman was tongue-in-cheek, hoping to smoke the liberals out into the open where they'd have to admit they don't think the poor folk have enough sense to spend real money properly, and therefore they have to be given services in lieu of cash. Friedman hasn't offered any reply, at least on the Machiavellian level. Now Hazlitt has demolished Friedman on every level but the Machiavellian. We have not heard the last from the guaranteed income, nor, we hope, from Mr. Goldwater's chief economic theorist of 1964, the illustrious Prof. Friedman to whom, herewith, an open invitation.

The good Professor replied with a will, and we are pleased to print first, his response to our editorial, and, second, the passage from Capitalism and Freedom (1962) *in which he first proposed the negative income tax.*

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tunity if libertarians and conservatives fail to support a program that is consistent with their own values and that seems to me the only practicable route so far proposed for dismantling gradually but thoroughly the jerry-built structure of government interferences with the market and with individual liberty that have been adopted in the name of welfare.

Finally, may I say how refreshing I find it to be attacked for a change from the Right and welcomed by the Left? The Left, if it accepts the program, will find that it has bought a Trojan Horse. As to the Right, we need to recognize that our growing strength brings the responsibility to suggest reasoned alternatives to present programs that will permit a gradual withdrawal from them. We will only harm our own cause by an unreasoning retreat to a dream world. M. F.

The Alleviation of Poverty

The extraordinary economic growth experienced by Western countries during the past two centuries and the wide distribution of the benefits of free enterprise have enormously reduced the extent of poverty in any absolute sense in the capitalistic countries of the West. But poverty is in part a relative matter, and even in these countries, there are clearly many people living under conditions that the rest of us label as poverty.

One recourse, and in many ways the most desirable, is private charity. It is noteworthy that the heyday of laissez-faire, the middle and late nineteenth century in Britain and the United States, saw an extraordinary proliferation of private eleemosynary organizations and institutions. One of the major costs of the extension of governmental welfare activities has been the corresponding decline in private charitable activities.

It can be argued that private charity is insufficient because the benefits from it accrue to people other than those who make the gifts—again, a neighborhood effect. I am distressed by the sight of poverty; I am benefited by its alleviation; but I am benefited equally whether I or someone else pays for its alleviation; the benefits of other people's charity therefore partly accrue to me. To put it differently, we might all of us be willing to contribute to the relief of poverty, provided everyone else did. We might not be willing to contribute the same amount without such assurance. In small communities, public pressure can suffice to realize the proviso even with private charity. In the large impersonal communities that are increasingly coming to dominate our society, it is much more difficult for it to do so.

Suppose one accepts, as I do, this line of reasoning as justifying governmental action to alleviate poverty; to set, as it were, a floor under the standard of life of every person in the community. There remains the question, how much and how. I see no way of deciding "how much" except in terms of the amount of taxes we—by which I mean the great bulk of us—are willing to impose on ourselves for the purpose. The question, "how," affords more room for speculation.

Two things seem clear. First, if the objective is to alleviate poverty, we should have a program directed at helping the poor. There is every reason to help the poor man who happens to be a farmer, not because he is a farmer but because he is poor. The program, that is, should be designed to help people as people, not as members of particular occupational groups or age groups or wage-rate groups or labor organizations or industries. This is a defect of farm programs, general old-age benefits, minimum-wage laws, pro-union legislation, tariffs, licensing provisions of crafts or professions, and so on in seemingly endless profusion. Second, so far as possible the program should, while operating through the market, not distort the market or impede its functioning. This is a defect of price supports, minimum-wage laws, tariffs and the like.

The arrangement that recommends itself on purely mechanical grounds is a negative income tax. We now have an exemption of $600 per person under the federal income tax (plus a minimum 10 per cent flat deduction). If an individual receives $100 taxable income, i.e., an income of $100 in excess of the exemption and deductions, he pays tax. Under the proposal, if his taxable income is minus $100, i.e., $100 less than the exemption plus deductions, he would pay a negative tax, i.e., receive a subsidy. If the rate of subsidy were, say, 50 per cent, he would receive $50. If he had no income at all, and, for simplicity, no deductions, and the rate were constant, he would receive $300. He might receive more than this if he had deductions, for example, for medical expenses, so that his income less deductions, was negative even before subtracting the exemption. The rates of subsidy could, of course, be graduated just as the rates of tax above the exemption are. In this way, it would be possible to set a floor below which no man's net income (defined now to include the subsidy) could fall—in the simple example $300 per person. The precise floor set would depend on what the community could afford.

The advantages of this arrangement are clear. It is directed specifically at the problem of poverty. It gives help in the form most useful to the individual, namely, cash. It is general and could be substituted for the host of special measures now in effect. It makes explicit the cost borne by society. It operates outside the market. Like any other measure to alleviate poverty, it reduces the incentives of those helped to help themselves, but it does not eliminate that incentive entirely, as a system of supplementing incomes up to some fixed minimum would. An extra dollar earned always means more money available for expenditure.

No doubt there would be problems of administration, but these seem to me a minor disadvantage, if they be a disadvantage at all. The system would fit directly into our current income tax system and could be administered along with it. The present tax system covers the bulk of income recipients and the necessity of covering all would have the by-product of improving the operation of the present income tax. More important, if enacted as a substitute for the present grab-bag of measures directed at the same end, the total administrative burden would surely be reduced.

A few brief calculations suggest also that this proposal could be far

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less costly in money, let alone in the degree of governmental intervention involved, than our present collection of welfare measures. Alternatively, these calculations can be regarded as showing how wasteful our present measures are, judged as measures for helping the poor.

In 1961, government outlays amounted to something like $33 billion (federal, state, and local) on direct welfare payments and programs of all kinds: old age assistance, social security benefit payments, aid to dependent children, general assistance, farm price support programs, public housing, etc.[1] I have excluded veterans' benefits in making this calculation. I have also made no allowance for the direct and indirect costs of such measures as minimum-wage laws, tariffs, licensing provisions, and so on, or for the costs of public health activities, state and local expenditures on hospitals, mental institutions, and the like.

There are approximately 57 million consumer units (unattached individuals and families) in the United States. In 1961 expenditures of $33 billion would have financed outright cash grants of nearly $6,000 per consumer unit to the 10 per cent with the lowest incomes. Such grants would have raised their incomes above the average for all units in the United States. Alternatively, these expenditures would have financed grants of nearly $3,000 per consumer unit to the 20 per cent with the lowest incomes. Even if one went so far as that one-third whom New Dealers were fond of calling ill-fed, ill-housed, and ill-clothed, 1961 expenditures would have financed grants of nearly $2,000 per consumer unit, roughly the sum which, after allowing for the change in the level of prices, was the income which separated the lower one-third in the middle 1930s from the upper two-thirds. Today, fewer than one-eighth of consumer units have an income, adjusted for the change in the level of prices, as low as that of the lowest third in the middle 1930s.

Clearly, these are all far more extravagant programs than can be justified to "alleviate poverty" even by a rather generous interpretation of that term. A program which *supplemented* the incomes of the 20 per cent of the consumer units with the lowest incomes so as to raise them to the lowest income of the rest would cost less than half of what we are now spending.

The major disadvantage of the proposed negative income tax is its political implications. It establishes a system under which taxes are imposed on some to pay subsidies to others. And presumably, these others have a vote. There is always the danger that instead of being an arrangement under which the great majority tax themselves willingly to help an unfortunate minority, it will be converted into one under which a majority imposes taxes for its own benefit on an unwilling minority. Because this proposal makes the process so explicit, the danger is perhaps greater than with other measures. I see no solution to this problem except to rely on the self-restraint and good will of the electorate.

Writing about a corresponding problem—British old-age pensions—in 1914, Dicey said, "Surely a sensible and a benevolent man may well ask himself whether England as a whole will gain by enacting that the receipt of poor relief, in the shape of a pension, shall be consistent with the pensioner's retaining the right to join in the election of a Member of Parliament."[2]

The verdict of experience in Britain on Dicey's question must as yet be regarded as mixed. England did move to universal suffrage without the disfranchisement of either pensioners or other recipients of state aid. And there has been an enormous expansion of taxation of some for the benefit of others, which must surely be regarded as having retarded Britain's growth, and so may not even have benefited most of those who regard themselves as on the receiving end. But these measures have not destroyed, at least as yet, Britain's liberties or its predominantly capitalistic system. And, more important, there have been some signs of a turning of the tide and of the exercise of self-restraint on the part of the electorate.

[1] This figure is equal to government transfer payments ($31.1 billion) less veterans' benefits ($4.8 billion), both from the Department of Commerce national income accounts, plus federal expenditures on public housing and other aids to housing ($0.5 billion), both for year ending June 30, 1961 from Treasury accounts, plus a rough allowance of $0.7 billion to raise it to even billions and to allow for administrative costs of federal programs, omitted state and local programs, and miscellaneous items. My guess is that this figure is a substantial underestimate. *(Editor's Note: Prof. Friedman's figure is for 1961; he advises us that today, government welfare outlays are about $50 billion.)*

[2] A. V. Dicey, *Law and Public Opinion in England*, (2nd ed., London: Macmillan, 1914), p. xxxv.

(From *Capitalism and Freedom*, by Milton Friedman. © 1962, The University of Chicago. Reprinted by permission.)

A Literary Recipe

Take one cup of self-pity
And add a pinch of Zen,
A generous dash of *Weltschmerz,*
Two lecherous old men,
A sultry teen-age doxy
Who has long ceased being chaste;
Then sprinkle in some incest,
Rape, and sodomy to taste.
Fold in a few psychotics,
A nasty intellectual,
Two troubled adolescents,
And a secret homosexual;
Top with an anti-hero
Who enjoys a chance to grovel;
Bake well; then serve the readers
One more true and honest novel.

J. MAXWELL FILSTRUP

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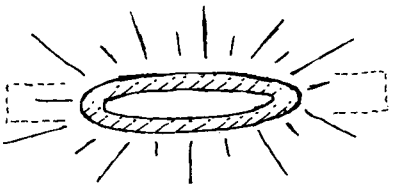
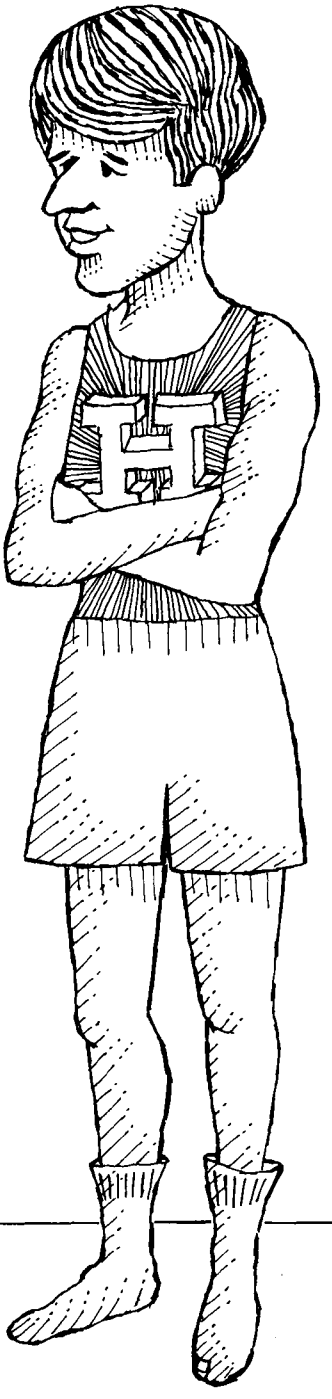
THE BOBBY

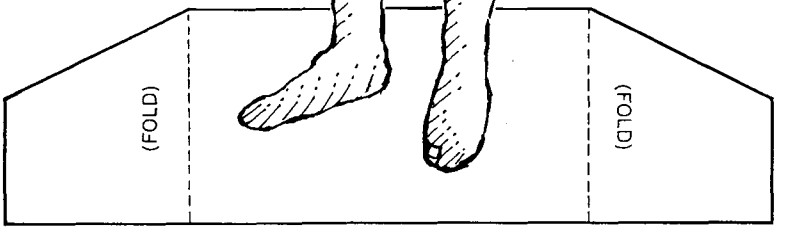
An educational toy for wise children

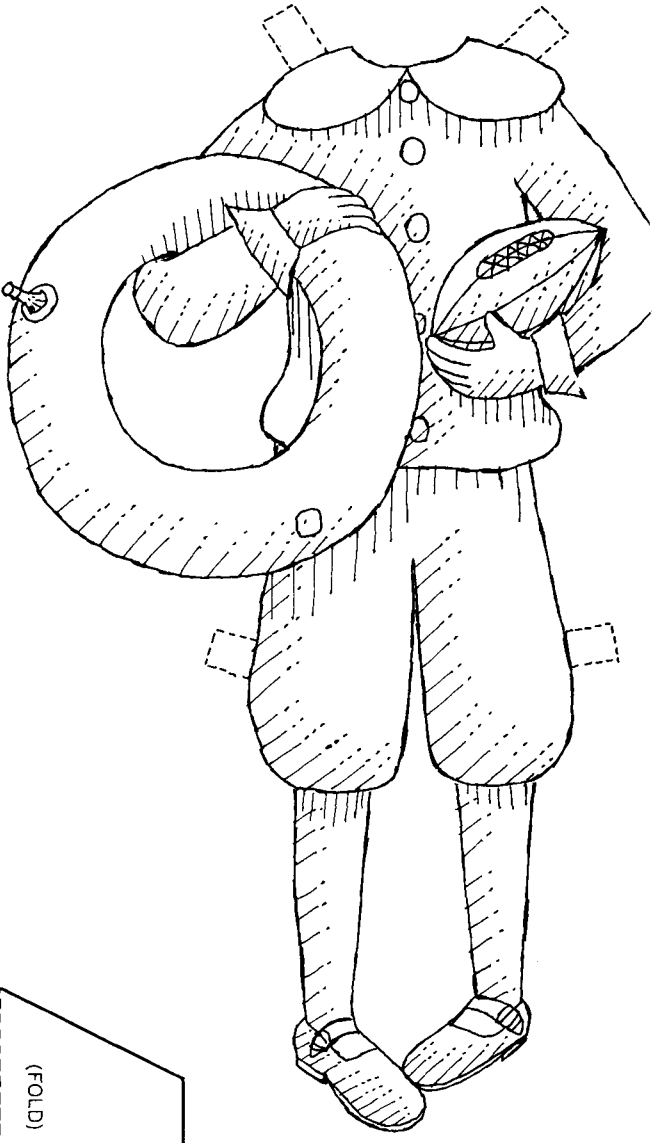




INSTRUCTIONS

Cut Bobby out. Paste him on cardboard. Cut out Bobby's outfits. Fold the little tabs and put the outfits on Bobby. Stand Bobby up. If he falls down, laugh. If he moves, run. If he runs, hide. When you have finished, put away your scissors and paste. You may have Bobby.





The Family Man

ILLUSTRATIONS / MORTON I. GROSS

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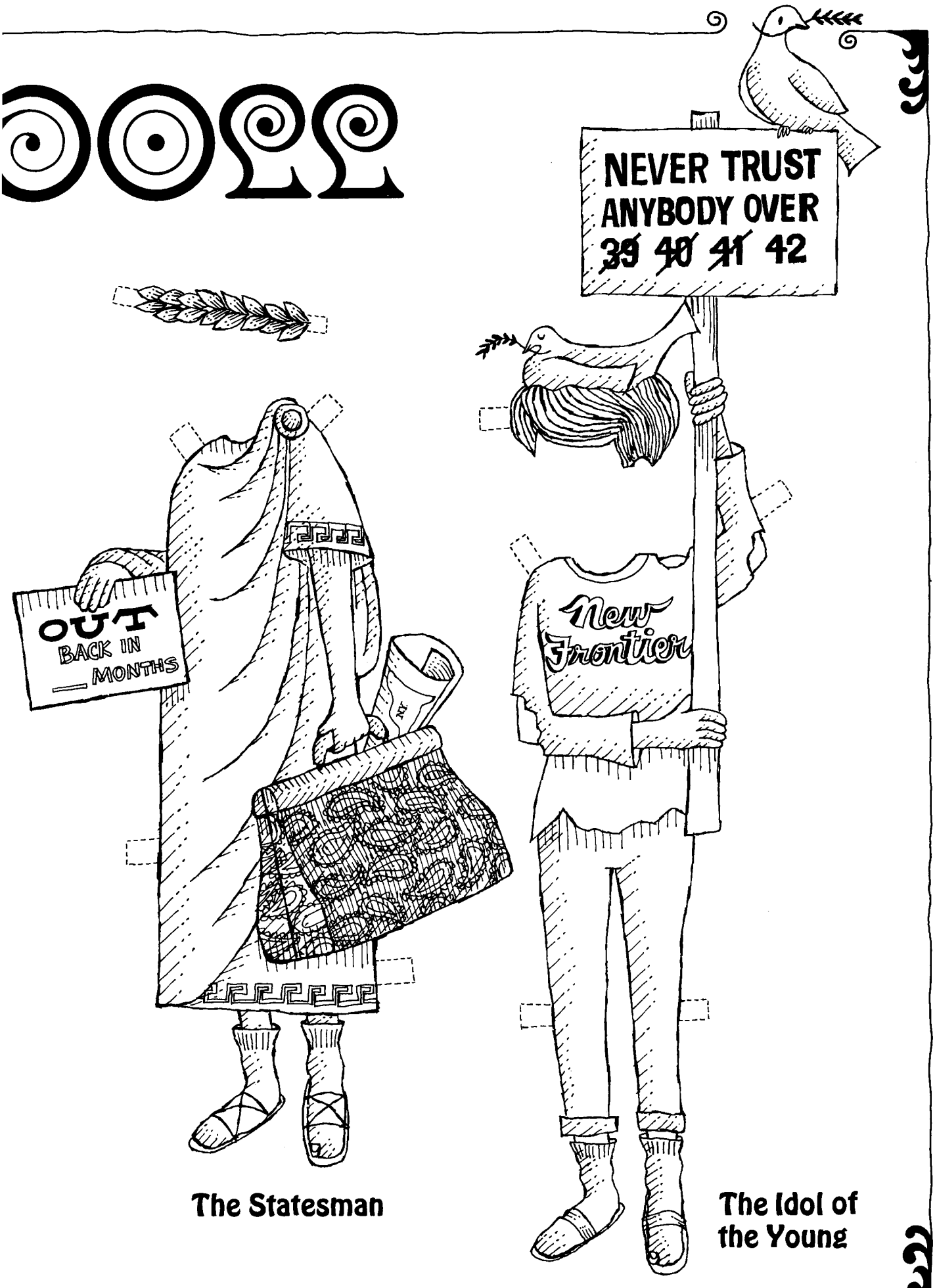
DOPE



The Statesman

The Idol of the Young

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The Attorney General

The Traveler

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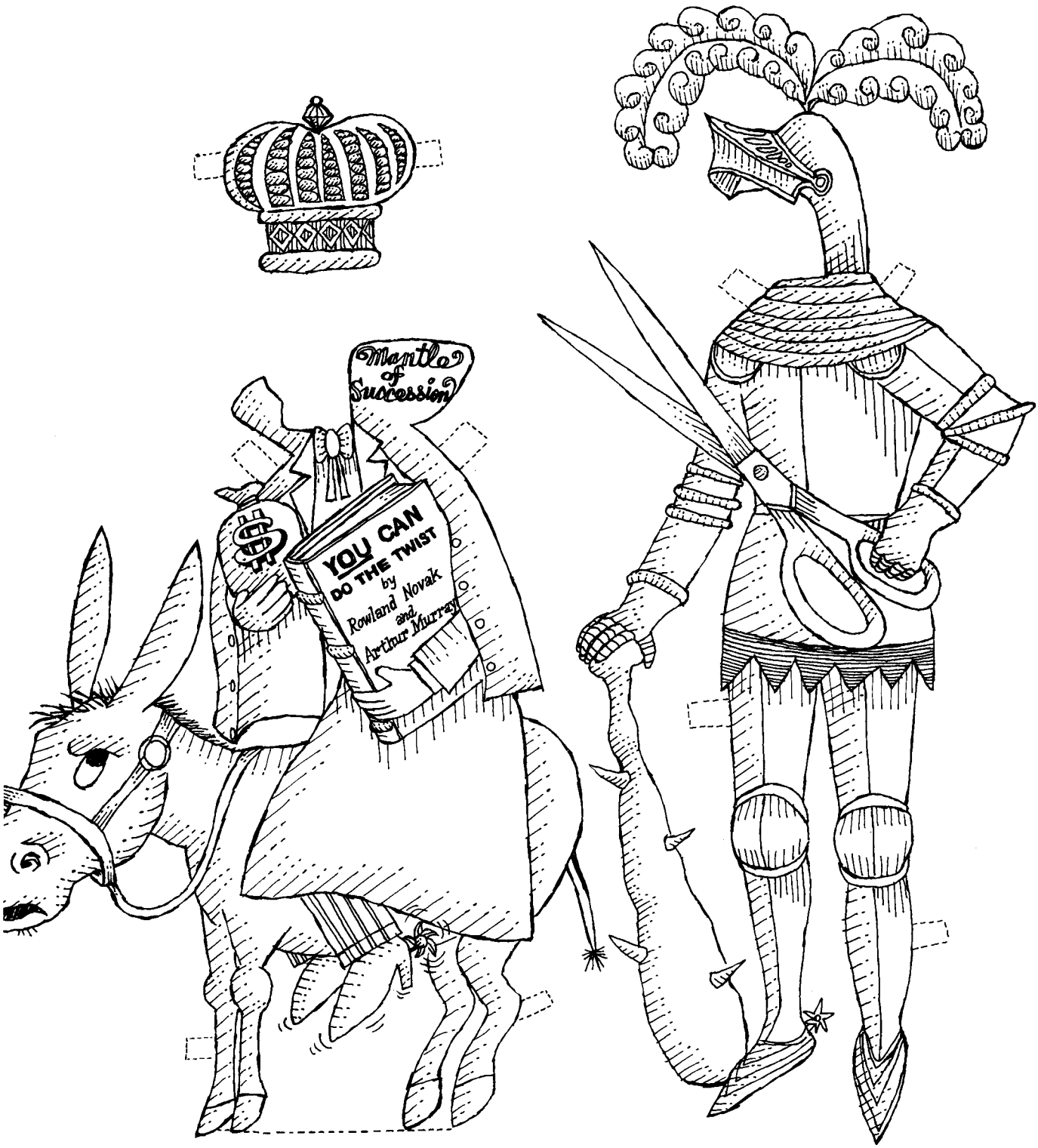

The Conventioneer

The Negotiator

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What Makes Ivan Run?

The Soviet economy runs as well as it does, says the author, because of a system of incentives and fringe benefits that encourages worker productivity

ROGER A. FREEMAN

When a small band of Bolsheviks overthrew the first post-Czarist government and established their Communist regime in October 1917, most Western commentators predicted that the new order would not long survive. Fifty years later, the Communist world has grown spectacularly in territory, population, science and technology, education, industrial plant, and military strength. To be sure, Russia was industrializing at a respectable rate in pre-revolutionary days (although the Soviets now try to make it appear otherwise), but it was not a first-rate power early in the twentieth century and the Russo-Japanese War suggested that it was a colossus on mudbrick feet.

Today, Russia still ranks far behind the United States in many or most fields. But its progress has become a challenge to the United States and what it stands for. Soviet actions or likely counter actions are now a prime consideration in many of our major policy decisions. China, which was controlled by a few companies of Western soldiers a few decades ago is now, eighteen years after the Communist takeover, the dominant force on much of the Asian continent.

What enabled the Communist countries to rise to their new power was rapid growth in economic strength. It is ironic, in retrospect, that industrial and general economic expansion is a goal for which Western observers had given Communist regimes the least chance for success. Steeped in classical economics, they regarded the superior capacity of the capitalist free market system to produce national wealth to be self-evident. An economy run according to Communist principles, they thought, could not possibly equal the growth record of an enterprise economy.

They appeared to be proven right when, within a few years of the revolution, the Russian economy seemed about to collapse. City residents were starving, famine stalked the countryside and a major catastrophe appeared imminent. Only massive food shipments from the West saved millions of Russian people—and the Bolshevik regime. Its leaders even found it necessary to abandon some of the precepts of the Communist economic and social structure which they had so loudly proclaimed. The government decreed a "New Economic Policy" (NEP) which reintroduced various forms of private enterprise and offered concessions and franchises to Western capitalists willing to construct industrial plants on Russian soil and staff them with their own technicians. That seemed to prove to the satisfaction of many Western observers that a Communist economic system could not work, and that the Soviet political leaders were now ready to forsake Marxian dogma and gradually adjust to a system closer to a free economy.

A Task of Capitalism

There being more joy in Heaven over one repentant sinner than over 99 just men, Western capitalists were jubilant. Hundreds of German, British, French and American industrialists and financiers applied for permission to invest their money and technical know-how in the Soviet economy. Within a few years they accomplished what the Soviets had been unable to achieve on their own: to lift production back to a level approximating that of 1913 (though still below the level at the time of the revolution).

At that point, when huge Western aid had provided the prototype plants which could be copied, the initial capital and the technical know-how, the Soviet government let foreign concessions and franchises lapse, repealed NEP and established, in 1928, a highly centralized, strictly state-owned and state-run economic system: the first Five-Year Plan, which was followed by a succession of similar plans which have governed the Russian economy for almost forty years.

At the start of the first Five-Year Plan in 1928, Russia's Gross National Product (GNP) was about one-fifth that of the United States. By the early 1950s it had risen to one-third, and in recent years has been running close to one-half. (By Soviet reckoning it stands at 63 per cent.) The Soviet Union achieved a much faster rate of economic growth than the United States despite the major disaster that meanwhile struck it: World War II, which destroyed a large share of its industrial plant, residential areas and transportation, and killed millions of its most productive workers.

Soviet economists and political leaders cite the record of the past forty years, of the *relative* rates of growth, as tangible proof that socialist methods of "production for use" are more effective in propelling an economy rapidly upward than the unplanned capitalist system which depends on private investment and serves the individual profits of a tiny group of exploiters. The Russian claim to the superior efficiency of their ways helps not only to assure the loyalty and cooperation of their own citizens, but also aims to persuade the people of other countries, particularly of the new and "uncommitted" nations, that they can realize their dreams faster and with greater certainty by following the Soviet rather than the American pattern.

But the results of Soviet-style central planning and government direction in most of the new and some of older nations since World War II have

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been less than impressive. A nation's rate of economic growth seems to be positively related to the degree to which it pursues its aims through a market economy rather than a command economy. Such free enterprise countries as Japan, Malaya, Thailand and Taiwan are prospering while lands under four-year or five-year (or eight-year) plans under tight government control, e.g., Indonesia, India, Burma and Ghana, have not only fallen short of their ambitious goals but are increasingly troubled by scarcity, poverty and inflation.

This is of course no proof that the success of some countries is causally related to their reliance on free enterprise and the failure of others to government domination and economic affairs. Other, less apparent, factors may be at the root of the divergent trends. But it does suggest the possibility that government multi-year planning of a command economy may not be an unfailing, or even an effective, means of lifting a backward economy rapidly to higher levels. It leaves us to speculate whether the free enterprise principle which characterized the industrial revolution in the major western countries may not still be sound public policy in the latter part of the twentieth century.

But if these conclusions are correct, how can we explain the undeniable success of the Soviet Union, which has for forty years had the most tightly planned and centrally controlled economy in history? It is a painful fact that GNP grew twice as fast in the Soviet Union as in the United States during the 1950s and that only in the past few years have the two countries shown more nearly comparable growth rates.

Western economists who have studied the rapid growth of the USSR's economy tend to attribute it largely to one aspect of official policy: greater emphasis on capital formation. The Soviets invest in industrial plant and other productive facilities a larger share of their national product than the United States. Through most of the period from 1928 on—and especially through the Seven-Year Plan of 1959-65—they steadily increased the percentage of GNP allotted to investment while reducing the percentage (though not the amount) allocated to consumer goods. This explains why the quality of most consumer goods is below Western and particularly American standards, selections are limited, scarcities are frequent and the Russian people are, on the average, more poorly clothed, housed and fed than Americans. This is not necessarily a sign of weakness, as tourists frequently assume, but the result of a deliberate policy to build up the country's productive capacity before allowing consumers to enjoy more lavish standards.

Economists have long known that capital formation is the most effective way to increase productivity and expand a country's economy. Whether this is accomplished by independent voluntary action of individuals in a capitalist system or by government fiat in a socialist system is irrelevant for the growth impetus. Thus one reason for the differential growth rates over the past forty years probably is the simple fact that Soviet policy has consistently strengthened productive industrial investment. Tax and welfare policies in the United States and in some other Western countries, meanwhile, have aimed to promote greater consumer spending and the expansion of public services in the expectation that enlarged spending by government and consumers would eventually cause investment to grow.

While increasing stress on investment rather than consumption may well explain much of the rapid growth in the Soviet Union, it does not explain all of it. Economic history has given us countless examples of investments that did not bear fruit because another element, equally essential to economic growth, was lacking: a force of competent workers and managers who labor with dedication and enthusiasm.

Most Western economists believe that the rewards and punishments of a free market to entrepreneurs and workers are the carrot and the stick that cause people to do their best—that they accomplish the national good while the people are striving for their own betterment. Soviet economists hold that most of capitalism's rewards are monopolized by a tiny group of exploiters who leave only crumbs to the workers, and that this explains the workers' lack of enthusiasm and weak efforts. It is Communist dogma that laborers in the socialist society know that they work for themselves and for their co-workers rather than for capitalist profits, and that they therefore toil harder.

Undoubtedly there are some dedicated individuals in the Soviet Union, but the proposition that a hundred million workers perpetually exert themselves to the limit for ideological reasons without material incentives is hardly persuasive. Many Americans believe that Russian workers are forced to work hard by punitive methods and under steady threats. This is not borne out by the facts of life, or labor law and labor practice in the Soviet Union of the 1960s. Moreover, disciplinary methods and force have distinct limitations: slaves have never been efficient workers. Also, a management and professional class and its inventiveness and dedication cannot be commandeered, at least not very effectively or for very long.

Why then do Soviet managers and workers labor as hard as they evidently do? What can be their motivation in a Communist, "classless," society which Americans tend to visualize as an egalitarian society? Will many strain their efforts and imagination and take chances on risky innovations under a government that applies the Marxist motto: "From each according to his capacity, to each according to his need"?

Under the sponsorship of the Hoover Institution I spent several months in the Soviet Union and some of its neighboring countries, largely interviewing people in all walks of life—in universities, offices, factories.

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What I found there seems to offer a tentative answer to the question, "What Makes Ivan Run?": The Soviets have created over a period of more than thirty years an ingenious system of material as well as intangible incentives, of reward and punishment, in industry and other sectors of the economy (though not in agriculture). This system has generated among their managerial class an entrepreneurial spirit which is at least equal to our own, and probably superior, and among their workers an urge to raise productivity which contrasts sharply with the sentiment prevalent among American and Western workers accustomed to time rates. While the Soviets have been increasing the size of the carrot and the weight of the stick, Western societies, particularly the United States, have been cutting down on material and intangible incentives on both ends of the scale.

Fringe Benefits and Status

There is no such maxim in the Soviet Union as Karl Marx's "From each according to his capacity, to each according to his need." Article 12 of the Soviet constitution reads, in part: "From each according to his capacity, to each according to his *work*." Article 118 spells out that payment for work shall be "in accordance with its quantity and quality." The principle that pay should equal the value of the output regardless of the recipient's needs, truly governs compensation in the Soviet Union. Rewards are lavish for the high producer, wages minimal for those who because of lack of skill or diligence produce little. The minimum wage of 40 rubles ($44) per month runs far below the subsistence minimum.

The principle is carried out through piece rates and the use of other yardsticks of output for workers, premiums and bonuses for workers and managers, a sharply regressive tax system that *widens* income differentials, by numerous benefits in kind such as the allocation of apartments, vacations and vacation homes, state automobiles and dozens of other fringe benefits. The status and prestige of the managerial and professional class is much higher than in the United States. Status symbols and various types of public honors such as pictures and life stories on billboards not only satisfy craving for recognition but confer many tangible advantages in the daily lives of the winners and their families.

In several respects there has probably been a trend toward a "convergence of systems" of the USSR and the capitalist countries, as some have suggested. But in the field of motivation and material incentives, a reversal of the ideological and traditional roles of capitalist and socialist countries seems to have taken place. The Soviets have created what is probably the most competitive society on the face of the earth, something akin to what Harvard psychologist David C. McClelland called the "achieving" (ie., achievement-directed) society. McClelland has propounded the thesis that the argument over the stronger growth effectiveness of a free or a command economy is based on a false premise and that "economic success and technological development depend on achievement motivation, and the rapid rate of Russian economic growth is due to an increase in her achievement concern just as ours was a generation or so earlier." He concludes that "if we are to compete with Russia in the economic sphere, we must develop an achievement ideology at least as strong as hers."* But how likely is such a development in view of the egalitarian sentiments and trends prevailing in the United States?

Soviet society is anything but a classless society. It succeeded economically not because it followed Marxist principles but because it abandoned them when the political leadership learned the hard way that they do not work. The Soviets then copied the techniques of material motivation which lie at the root of growth in capitalist countries and refined them to serve their ends.

Egalitarianism, the steady narrowing of income differentials toward an average status for most people or all, is regarded as petty bourgeois in Soviet literature. Authors view it as an attempt by capitalist countries to pacify their exploited masses. The Soviet Union needs no such nostrum and disdains it. It rewards the manager and worker "according to the quantity and quality of his work." And "he who does not work, neither shall he eat," says Article 12 of the Soviet constitution (without giving credit to St. Paul). The Soviet Union knows no public assistance program that is in any way comparable to our AFDC (Aid to Families with Dependent Children) or General (Home) Assistance, or anything of that type. It abolished unemployment benefits in 1930.

That their country has known no unemployment for over three decades while the United States has been reporting from three to five million jobless persons for many years has been widely cited by Soviet leaders as further proof of the superiority of the socialist over the capitalist system. The Soviet government maintains (or, at least, publishes) no statistics on unemployment and denies that it exists—by its definition of unemployment. If it used U.S. definitions it would undoubtedly have to admit to some unemployment—whose size, however, is almost impossible for an outsider to estimate. It could well be in the neighborhood of 2 per cent of the labor force, or even more, but in any case would be smaller than the U.S. figure. It consists largely of persons jobless for a short time. With no unemployment compensation or public assistance available, poor persons simply cannot afford to remain without work for very long. They must take whatever job they can get, no matter how arduous the task or how low the pay.

No Jobless There?

There are always jobs available in a socialist economy, the Soviets maintain, because the government maintains demand at an adequate level. Unemployment in the United States, they claim — and many American economists agreed until just a few years ago—is due to insufficient demand because of the inadequate income of large segments of the population and starvation of governmental services.

The United States maintains no statistics on job vacancies whose number could be compared with the number of persons seeking jobs. It is arguable just how meaningful such

*David C. McClelland, "Business Drive and National Achievement," *Harvard Business Review*, July-August 1962.

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a comparison would be because mere numbers tell only part of the story: openings are available largely in the higher skills and in technical and professional occupations, while the long-term unemployed are concentrated among the low-skilled or unskilled, and among new, inexperienced members of the labor force. The consistently high rate of overtime work at premium wage rates—which has for some time equaled close to 10 per cent of all working hours in the manufacturing industry, in the incidence of multiple jobholding (moonlighting), now at about 5 per cent of the labor force, and the shortage of workers in many occupations suggest that, over-all, there is no shortage of jobs for skilled workers. It is widely believed that automation reduces the need and opportunities for workers with few or no job skills or aptitudes. If this were so, why do Europe's industrial countries have labor shortages, while backward nations suffer from unemployment? Why has the Soviet Union, which is rapidly mechanizing, no comparable problem? The shift from agriculture to industry is numerically greater there because the agricultural labor force still accounts for about 36 per cent of the labor force in the Soviet Union, compared with a mere 6 per cent in the U.S.A. How do Russia's displaced farm workers find jobs?

Observation in Russian cities shows that millions of simple manual jobs, largely in maintenance, cleaning, and on roads, are being continued which could be mechanized by available means. They are not being mechanized because it is more economical to have them done manually at the minimum wage of 40 rubles ($44) a month. So there is no problem with large scale, long-term unemployment. But at the U.S. minimum wage, which has just been raised from $216 a month to $277 (or at contractual minimum wages which run much higher), it is often cheaper to use machines or automatic contraptions than to hire workers. Men and women whose potential productivity (value of output) is lower than their established rate of pay are thus condemned to long-term unemployment.

The Moscow and Leningrad subways are sparklingly clean because thousands of men and women work with mop and broom in shifts around the clock to keep the stations and the trains polished at all times. For this they are paid 40 rubles ($44) a month, on which nobody can subsist except in a family compound with several wage earners.

The filthy condition of New York's subways is too well known to need description. The Transit Authority cannot afford to hire, at the established wage rate of over $500 a month, enough people to clean cars and stations. The men and women who in Moscow would be cleaning the subways are, in New York, on welfare at $250 to $400 and more a month.

What does it add up to? Moscow runs a clean subway for 5 kopeks (5.5 cents) a ride and offers no workless pay except to the physically handicapped and the aged. New York runs a filthy subway for 20 cents a ride and goes broke under its excessive welfare load.

Years ago, when occasionally I dared mention that the Soviet Union was handling certain matters rather well, I was often challenged: "Name one thing we could learn from them." So I'd reply facetiously: "How not to have an agricultural surplus." After this trip to Moscow I just mention the subways and welfare, or incentive piece rates in the USSR *v.* restrictions by American labor unions.

I have never worried about Russian claims that they would overtake the United States, nor do I now. But it is disturbing to speculate about the final outcome of the competition between two countries, one of which offers high and growing rewards to the outstanding performer and imposes economic punishment on sloth, while the other steadily increases penalities on the most productive segment of its population through ingenious methods of "progressive" taxation and thinks of ever new methods of paying more people more money for not working.

Us Loonybin Jokers Would Rather Twitch Than Fight It.

Once upon a time there was a man who kept getting
black circles under his eyes,
From staying up late at night figuring
how he might become wise.
He tried everything he could think of including thought,
The latter activity causing him to become overwrought.
But then one night about three A.M.,
He thought his way to FA.M.
And fortune by conceiving a way to fly a kite,
Based on the Relativity of Flight,
A marvel the like of which had not been seen,
Since Da Vinci invented the Jelly Bean;
Since Whitney thought up the Fingerprint;
Since Fermi discovered the Peppermint.
The idea was to send up the world as the kite,
Feeding it string to some great height. . . .
And do it he did without a hitch,
And I'm sure if he hadn't started to twitch,
He'd still have the planet under control,
(Just a flick of the finger to make it roll.)
But twitching, thank God, was much more fun:
And that is the way (whew!) the West was won.

JOHANNES EFF

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Letter from Latin America

'La Violencia'

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

A serious historian instinctively dislikes the notion of "world conspiracy" as a universal key to the explanation of disparate phenomena in various parts of the globe. Yet it is difficult not to become suspicious when one constantly encounters almost identical situations on one's travels. The Vietcong officially still refer to themselves as "Forces of National Liberation," as do the armed bands of the FALN in Venezuela, the ELN (*Ejército de Liberación Nacional*) in Colombia, the FLN (also called FALN or FIR) in Peru. The leaders of such "armed forces" in the Western Hemisphere are nearly always "intellectuals" from the universities of the Americas, and their followers are only in the rarest cases workers but almost always poor, usually illiterate peasants to whom not collectivization, but individual farms or additional land have been promised. The same pattern governed the Russian and, up to a point, the Chinese Revolutions. This combination of half-education and starry-eyed ignorance amounts to a magic formula.

Kuehnelt-Leddihn

In Latin American universities, professors fawn upon their students, obsolete nineteenth-century ideas achieve a luxuriant growth and a desperate desire to appear modern (!), patriotic, and emancipated rounds out the picture. Even deluded religious zealots join in, and an appeal is made to the peasantry with its insatiable hunger for land. Thus we are faced with the perverse situation where hunger for more property is put in the service of "no-property," the Communist ideal. The industrial workers—contrary to Marxian prophecies—play only a marginal part.

Colombia's time-honored *violencia* serves as a classic pattern because there the Communist *maquis* has a non-Communist ancestor: the fratricidal wars in the open country between the liberals and the conservatives, terminated by the treaties of Benidorm and Sitges (1956). Yet, after the senseless explosion of April 1948 in Bogotá, following the still unsolved murder of the Left-liberal Jorge Eliecer Gaitan, an exodus of mixed criminal-extremist-political elements from the capital to the country took place, a migration which soon crystallized into a new wave of guerrilla warfare. The rise of Fidel Castro and the active material and moral aid coming from Cuba gave added impetus to the *violencia* which tried to take over the state, and, as an initial step, to establish a state within the state. Villages were occupied and a new social and political order set up in them. The action entirely paralleled that of the Vietcong. It was put down by the army and today survives only in a few remote places in the East and the North, where there there have been for short periods little, well-run Soviet republics right in the heart of Colombia.

Fr. Torres

From 1956 to 1966 the *violencia* was fostered by a priest, Camilo Torres Restrepo, scion of two old families, who renounced his priestly functions and took to the hills with the rebels. Having joined the "Army of Liberation," he was killed in battle, rifle in hand. His case is a tragic one: here was a young man with a fair theological education and a European sociological training (Louvain). He represents the typical Christian Social Romantic, the idealist with a certain amount of sociological knowledge but with little understanding of man's nature and no economic training whatsoever. Torres was a fiery demagogue, convinced that the (indisputable) misery of the Colombian masses could be alleviated only by a radical expropriation of the rich, and while he denied he was a Communist, he adopted the Communist program. Social demagogy in Christian garb, as scored so tellingly by Oswald Spengler, has finally matured in our age.

The hierarchy of Colombia made every effort to give Torres a position from which he could preach the Social Gospel, but he wanted revolution, not reform. He did not realize that what the Colombian masses need is systematic moral and intellectual training. This, for instance, the Catholic *Acción Cultural Popular* (often referred to as "Sutatenza") is trying to give with its "radio schools," a means of teaching the natural virtues, literacy, and technical and hygienic know-how.

Peru/Vietnam Parallel?

While Camilo Torres preached and fought in Colombia, the Peruvian Left went into action. Headed by a group of intellectuals, mostly graduates of the University of Trujillo, radical leftists and Communists started to build up four major fighting groups. Some of the organizers had been trained in Cuba, some had visited Moscow or even Peking. All relied mostly on peasant and university support, and operated in the high Andes, blackmailing and terrorizing all those *campesinos* who did not want to join up, and extorting money from them —in the best Vietcong tradition. The army suppressed them and by the fall of 1966 the rebellion was a thing of the past.

There seems to be little reason to doubt that the terrorists received support from the left wing of APRA (*Acción Popular Revolucionaria Americana*) and that, under more favorable circumstances, the fighting might flare up once more. This is what the army expects—an army which is the only focus, the only rallying force in the turbulent and disintegrating political scene of Peru, where not only the once mighty APRA broke up into warring ideological factions but the once promising Christian Democratic Party as well.

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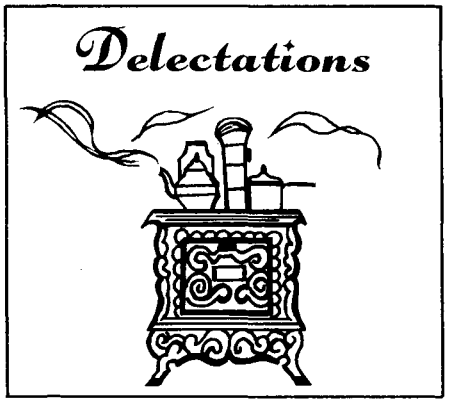
Moral Virtue in the Kitchen

NIKA STANDEN HAZELTON

As one whose fate in life has been to cook and to write about food (just as other women become charmers in peekaboo pants, virtuosi on the French horn or executives of the League of Women Voters), I am becoming increasingly annoyed at people 1) who act as if cooking well were a moral virtue, and 2) who are afraid of inviting me for a meal. The first is the most addlepated of the many addlepated byproducts of our current vogue for gourmetmanship, for food, good or bad, has nothing to do with moral virtue. Being able to cook well has never as yet improved anybody's character as far as I can see, and there is nothing in history to teach me that the great cooks of the past were anything but bad-tempered louts. Excellent cooks are usually willful and quarrelsome, lacking sadly in humility. Whereas great painters or singers or long-distance swimmers will give a certain amount of praise to their Maker for endowing them with the raw material of their success, great cooks attribute their merits to nothing but their own skill, intelligence and endeavor, without reflecting that a delicate palate, a sure hand and culinary imagination are as much an inborn gift as a quick eye and fast feet for tennis. The sin of pride, that's what good cooks suffer from. And very boring it makes them too, as they preen themselves around their *gigots* and *bearnaises, mousses* and tarts.

I am not now talking of the patient daily makers of food for their families. They are indeed full of moral virtue, using their imagination in producing appetizing meals that will please very diverse tastes and keep the family healthy as well, instead of taking the attitude that really hungry people will eat week-old bread from the A & P. The bores I am talking about are the men and women who will spend hours and days at a stove fiddling with a dish and expect to be admired for doing so. Nonsense, I say; they are doing this because they'd rather cook than play bingo or read Thomas à Kempis (though he certainly would build moral virtue), and because they want to show off. The desire to please others, which would indicate a certain amount of moral virtue, barely, if at all, enters into their doings.

Now to the other thing that gets my goat: people who are afraid to ask me to dinner because they think I cook better. (The sin of pride again!) Do they really think I go to people's houses to criticize their food? Like everybody else, I like to eat with friendly souls because it is fun to sit together, and I think that surroundings and conviviality are more important than the food itself. Surely, the food should be nice and the drinks



generous, but a standard meal prettily served is more pleasant than a gourmet dish sloshed at one in the kitchen.

Anybody who cooks regularly, man or woman, is only too pleased when someone else will take the trouble of cooking for them. The very fact of sitting down to a homecooked meal with which one had nothing to do is sheer bliss. And when the hosts have taken trouble to make it a pleasant occasion, moral virtue arises like the phoenix, with spread wings and a large smile.

As a cookbook writer, I am constantly asked how I fell into the cooking bit, rather than into something else. It was a mixture of circumstances and planning. Early in youth, I had observed that my mother, God rest her soul, a Roman beauty with an attractive husband and scores of devoted admirers, invariably checked up on our cook's daily doings at each meal. She used to take little turns at the stove, the way a painter will add a flourish to a pupil's picture. Over the years I also observed that my mother's beaux did not fade away, whereas those of my pretty but undomestic aunts did, leaving them with little incentive to stay pretty. When my mother was asked about her interest in cooking, she would lift her eyes to heaven in the usual Italian manner and sigh: "It is an honorable way for an honest woman to get admirers," a sentiment I've seen no reason to challenge. To me, as I grew older, she never ceased to bring home the obvious truth that girls and women do not stay as pretty as they once were, and that every year, every month, every week and every day a younger and prettier number would be there, competing, competing. Thus, a lady should have other strings to her bow, and which could be better than catering to the one pleasure in life that does not pall with age—good food?

A long life in the United States has convinced me that my mother was only too right, and that I was wise to listen to her words. I never learned to cook at home, because there was no room in the kitchen for a third party besides my mother and her cook. I learned to cook on my own because I wanted to learn to please, and I know that any female who can read and who is willing to invest a little time in learning can do as much. My words of advice to any young woman would be to learn to cook a few dishes well. Or at least, to make like she can cook, since even fervent non-cooks admit that in certain situations a home meal may prove the clincher. There are a few rules to this: Never go near a delicatessen—even the roast beef is a dead giveaway. But a rotisserie chicken does not betray its origin, and it is easy to make a lettuce salad. The various casserole kitchens are a gold mine for a non-cook, but as an added precaution, it is wise to transfer the contents of the boughten casseroles into one's own. Remember ladies, good cooks are the anchors to whom rich, middle-aged, widowed or divorced and cynical men fasten their shattered lives. And what's wrong with that?

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Letter From England

The Common Market and a Horse Named Arkle

COLM BROGAN

At the moment of writing, the palaver about Britain and the Common Market has just begun to give the British people a vague and uneasy feeling that something may possibly happen after all. For some time public opinion has been reported as moving gradually but steadily in favor of entry, but this development has not been matched by any clear understanding of what entry would mean, economically, politically or psychologically. The psychological adjustments will be hardest to make if all the frenzied diplomatic scurrying ever reaches the stage of heads of agreement.

Advocates of the Market are never tired of saying that England cannot remain forever as an offshore island of Europe. They have not grasped that many, if not most, Englishmen secretly regard Europe as an offshore island of England. "Storm in Channel. Continent Cut Off." This famous newspaper headline was thought by some to be funny, but most Englishmen, in their private thoughts, considered it to be a commonsense, concise statement of an undeniable fact.

God's Channel

I have a reason for using the words England and Englishmen instead of Britain and British. Those who accuse the English of incorrigible insularity are guilty of a degree of flattery. The English have some way to go before they become broadminded enough to be insular. When Cardinal Newman was casting about for a statement so self-evident that it required no proof, he came up with the proposition "England is an island." England is not an island. To the North of the Tweed and the Solway there is another country, Scotland. When the Scots are told that their country and their nation are to be regarded as a sub-department of England, they show the liveliest irritation. In justice to the Scots, they do not apply the word Scotland to all the 93,018 square miles that stretch from John O'Groats to Land's End. That may be counted as some improvement on the English attitude, but not much.

Saxon and Celt share the belief that the Channel is no mere geological freak but an essential part of Providence's Great Design to preserve and defend a civilization that enshrines Man's noblest achievements. It is this feeling that has always provoked a nervous reaction whenever negotiations with Europe began to look remotely like business. It was Winston Churchill himself who launched the concept of a united Europe in a speech at Zurich. At that time the European nations were still climbing out of their bomb rubble and would gladly have yielded the initiative and primacy to the one country that was comparatively unshattered. But Churchill was then in Opposition and Zurich looked more attractive than his private residence. Clement Attlee was in Downing Street and Clem never thought much of foreigners anyway. When Churchill returned in triumph to Downing Street his vision splendid contracted sharply to the limits of Parliament Square. Europe was put aside, like a half-smoked cigar that had lost its flavor.

Common Marketeers placed considerable hopes in Hugh Gaitskell, who followed Attlee as socialist leader, and none placed his hopes higher than George Brown (now Foreign Secretary). The Labor left was solidly against the Market, which it professed to see as a group of reactionary bankers and merchants of death, determined to do socialism in. The Left combines internationalism and chauvinism in a comforting mixture that is very strengthening to the self-esteem. It believes that the whole world, and especially the socialist world, looks yearningly to the British Labor Party for a shining example. This means that the most altruistic thing the Labor Party can do is to suit itself in all particulars, putting its own interests first, second and last, on the Emersonian principle of making a better mousetrap and waiting for the whole world to beat a path to your door. (Unfortunately, the world's judgment on British mousetrap technology is not, at the moment, very high.) The most influential, though not the most open, of the left-wing anti-marketeers was Harold Wilson.

Childe Harold

The great moment came at the Labor Party annual conference when Hugh Gaitskell was to give the opening keynote speech and George Brown was to wind up the debate. Gaitskell declined Brown's request to see an advance copy of his speech, saying that he would be speaking from rough notes. Quite naturally, George Brown assumed that Gaitskell would follow his established line, which was to weigh the pros against the cons, look on the one hand and on the other, consider the short term in the light of the long and generally indulge in a good deal of statesmanlike waffle before his peroration that would stop short of a firm commitment but would still show a favorable disposition. To the delight and unconcealed astonishment of the Left, Gaitskell put on the armor of Agincourt and put the trumpet to his lips to summon St. George to the aid of Merrie England. A thousand years of history, he said, were not to be thrown away, and he left the strong impression that this England never did and never would lie at the proud foot of a conqueror. Barbara Castle called for cheers for "our undoubted leader." George Brown shared the Left's astonishment, but had no part whatever in the delight. His own concluding speech had been conceived as a development of Gaitskell's anticipated arguments, with that touch of greater enthusiasm and stronger advocacy for the European cause that were to be expected from one who had made that cause his own. He had been forced to listen to his leader blasting and blistering the European arguments and bringing all the enemies of the Market leaping

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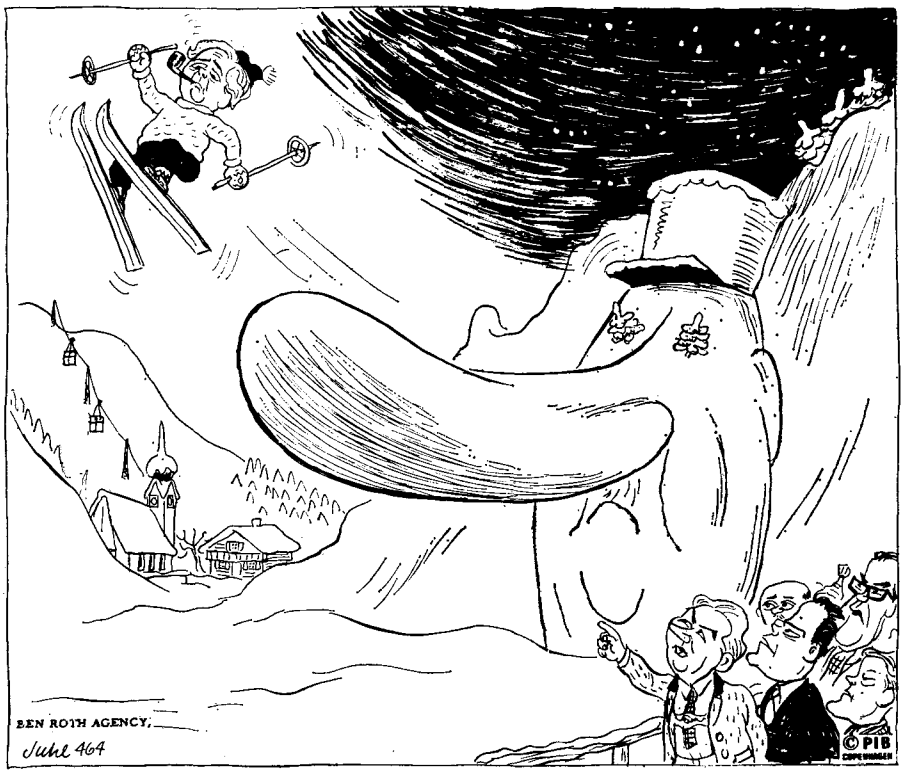
to their feet in delirious applause. He then had to make a speech that did not entirely contradict either what his Leader had just said or what he himself (and his Leader) had been saying only a few days before. George Brown, no match for Lord Chesterfield in the art of keeping an impassive countenance, struggled gamely with the impossible, but he showed the strain. A friend of mine who immediately whipped him away for a consolatory drink says that for the first and last time in his life he saw George totally bereft of speech.

Harold Macmillan, always conscious of his place in history, took up the task, only to lose a disconcerting by-election and get a flat "No" from de Gaulle. The "No" made *Mon général* a highly popular character in England. All but the dedicated enthusiasts were quietly relieved that he had saved them from the pain of actually *doing* something about Europe.

Harold Wilson's efforts are handicapped by the fact that during the last election he opposed the Common Market with all of Gaitskell's vehemence, coupled with his own special brand of derision. This did not pass unnoticed in Europe, where Harold Wilson is darkly suspected of Machiavellian duplicity. This is to do our Prime Minister at once more and less than justice. It is true that over the whole range of policies, there is nothing he has said that he has not shortly afterwards unsaid, nothing he has promised to do that he has done, nothing that he has sworn not to do that he has not done. But the explanation is not to be found in deviousness or downright duplicity. Far from it. It is to be found in his totally childlike nature. He has often said that a week is a long time in politics, but this heavily overstates his foresight. Like a child, he lives for the day, the hour, the minute. Every morning he opens his chubby little arms and beams happily to greet the new dawn. Yesterday is pre-history, tomorrow is beyond the range of human thought. What stuffy adult would dream of blaming a child because he did not remember one day his engaging prattle of the day before? Harold Wilson swore before he got into office that he would get rid of Polaris. In office, he has clung to Polaris like a favorite toy. He swore he would keep the UN out of the Rhodesian affair. He brought the UN in. He declared that he would not talk to a rebel and then helped himself to a cruiser to talk to the rebel with the maximum of publicity. He said that Britain would never yield her right to buy food in the cheapest market and then told the Council of Europe that such small matters as farm prices would not keep him from securing membership in EEC, a goal on which he let it be thought he had set his heart for as long as he could remember. No doubt he was perfectly sincere, but the longest he can ever remember is the time of the last editions off the Fleet Street presses. It is said that President Johnson suffers from a credibility gap, in that thoughtful observers can no longer quite believe that what he says is true. Thoughtful observers over here have a different gap. They no longer quite believe that Mr. Wilson is true. This makes negotiation difficult.

His first propaganda effort in Europe was not calculated to make things easier. He blew the trumpet, his own expression, to celebrate the supreme quality of Europe's contribution to the technological revolution. It was a little unfortunate that his list of scientific wonder workers should all be British, and perhaps a little tactless to imply that if it had not been for these geniuses the American farmer would still be lighting his kerosene lamp in the evening and taking his wife once a week in the horse and buggy to the nearest small town to buy a bolt of red flannel and perhaps to watch the flickering shadows on the cloth screen of the Bioscope.



A leap in the dark

In fact, Britain's technological contribution is the best card in Harold Wilson's hand, but in view of the fact that *Mon général* holds the joker, he should be cautious in his plan. According to Harold Wilson we are so technologically minded, thanks to his missionary efforts, that our children are playing electrons and neutrons instead of cowboys and Indians and cops and robbers.

The same theme was taken up by Mr. Anthony Wedgwood Benn, Minister of Technology. Speaking in the United States he said, "If I had to pick the typical Mr. Britain 1967, I think he would be a tough engineer —perhaps in the motor industry— working a long week on a new model, and twice as proud as his granddad was to serve on the North West frontier in India as a soldier in Queen Victoria's Army." ➔

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There spoke the true Technological Man, but is he truly representative of the island race? Does the great heart of the British people really go out to the tough engineer? No. Not even to the founding fathers of radar and electronics whose names Harold Wilson trumpeted to the world. If the truth must be known (and why not?), the great heart of the people goes out to a horse.

Arkle is the horse's name. Arkle is a steeplechaser. Many millions who have never been near a race course have seen him on television, and he is indeed something beautiful to behold. The knowledgeable are ready to swear that he is by far the greatest steeplechaser that ever chased a steeple. Mao Tse-tung himself did not command such devotion as Arkle did until disaster struck. Arkle broke a bone in his hoof and may well never race again. Devotion at once became mystical adoration. Before the accident, his stable had quite a heavy job answering his correspondence, but since that awful day the stream of letters, get-well cards and poems has become a raging flood. The poetry is deeply moving:

"In the future men will say
I saw Arkle on his day."

"And did you once see Shelley plain?" Browning feebly asked. "What's all this about Shelley? I saw *Arkle*."

It goes without saying that this supremely intelligent and virtuous creature is a model patient. Every English wife handling a fractious husband down with a head cold, tells him tartly that she wished she had the honor of nursing a truly appreciative patient like Arkle. Honorably anxious to share in Arkle's immortality, the Royal Worcester company has eighty artificers working on a nine-inch-high porcelain statuette. (How's that for computer technology and automation?) Five hundred of these will be sold at 79 guineas each and then the original will be destroyed.

In the event of Arkle not racing again, plans are being laid for a Last Personal Appearance. One of the major race courses will be taken. Closed circuit television will show films of his major triumphs. Jockeys in racing colors will sell special brochures. Arkle himself, of course, will be paraded for the last time before his worshipers. There will be an Arkle racing trophy to ensure that the beloved name shall never grow faint or strange.

What is the revelance of Arkle to a dynamic, ruthlessly productive economy? A horse of such superb super-equine quality might be a far bigger dollar-earner than any tough engineer if it only produced lots and lots of little Arkles. Alas, it cannot be. In the Productivity Stakes, the Nonpareil is a non-starter. Arkle is a gelding. Is there, just possibly, a moral here?

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FROM THE ACADEMY

RUSSELL KIRK

Some Hope for the Rising Generation

As I muse on Mr. Johnson's State of the Union address—or any of his major policy statements for that matter—I tend to believe that we are in a fallen state. That dreary President and that dreary speech!

All the old liberal chestnuts are there, although Mr. Johnson found trouble persuading even himself that they are edible: cultural exchange with the Soviets, interminable talks about disarmament, amorphous schemes to feed all the world, etc., etc. Congress clearly is bored; and the Great Society nonsense is one immense boredom.

After putting Mr. Johnson aside, however, I leafed through some slim magazines, and was heartened. (Until that moment, I had felt as did a character in Arthur Morrison's novel *A Child of the Jago*: "I wish I was dead—an' owned a coffee-shop.") These periodicals were the products of young conservatives, short of money but full of ideas.

Kirk

Three or four years ago, the liberal authorities confidently predicted that conservatism among the rising generation, as represented by this spate of little journals, would be a mere ephemeral phenomenon. But the "conservative mood" has declined to expire.

One of the new productions is *On the Right at Miami,* a quarterly published by the Miami Conservative Club, Warfield Hall, Miami University, Oxford, Ohio. (There also are active conservative students at the University of Miami in Florida, but this is another lot.) One may subscribe for $1.20 a year. Well-printed and well-edited (by an undergraduate, Mr. Jim Roberts), the first number is promising.

On the Pacific coast, conservatively inclined scholars and students publish *Western Politica* ($2 a year, quarterly, Box 3528, Stanford, California), a serious journal with some remarkably good contributors. In the first number (Spring 1966), Professor Milorad M. Drachkovitch's "The 'New Left' in the U.S." is notable.

The plumpest and most widely circulated magazine is *The Intercollegiate Review,* published six times a year by the Intercollegiate Studies Institute, 629 Public Ledger Building, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania ($4 per year), and edited by the able Mr. Robert Ritchie. Its serious attention to literature deserves emulation. In the November-December number, 1966, is Professor Louis Brevold's critical essay on T. S. Eliot, "Poet in Pinstripes," which no one ought to ignore.

Those redoubtable conservative brothers Messrs. Richard S. Wheeler and Timothy J. Wheeler edit and publish *Rally,* perhaps best described as a monthly by and for recent conservative college graduates—that is, the young veterans of the conservative revival. It is published at P.O. Box 7068, Wauwatosa, Wisconsin, and costs $5 a year. Its seventh number (December 1966) is full of information, including a forceful article by an Indian contributor, Miss Sudha Shenoy (formerly president of the Old Whig Society at the London School of Economics), "India's Coming Famine."

The New Guard, the monthly journal of Young Americans for Freedom (1221 Massachusetts Avenue N.W., Washington, D.C., $3 for students and $5 for non-students) is edited by the versatile Mr. David Franke, who is also its ablest contributor; it is now seven volumes old.

Insight and Outlook, the oldest of student-edited conservative periodicals, continues to flourish at the University of Wisconsin (150 Langdon Street, Madison, Wisconsin, six times a year, $2). Its present editor is Mr. Jared Lobdell. In last summer's number, Mr. William C. Dennis, now a graduate student at Yale, published an interesting analysis, "The Testimony of George F. Kennan."

Slighter newsletters produced by college conservative societies are fairly numerous. One of the better recent ones is *Pensée,* published by the Student Academic Freedom Forum, 422 College Center, Portland State College, in Oregon (students, 75¢; others, $1.50); it is concerned principally with matters that students confront on the campus, such as the military draft.

All the preceding publications are both professedly and genuinely conservative—that is, strongly attached to the traditions and prescriptions of civilization. The only student journal of a distinctly "libertarian" character (given to doubting the economic orthodoxy of Herbert Hoover and F. A. Hayek) is the *New Individualist Review,* for several years the work of graduate students (chiefly) at the University of Chicago.

Young Conservatives Excel

In the preceding account, I have omitted some commendable publications simply because I haven't seen copies recently; but I propose to discuss these in a future column, and I invite their editors to send me sample copies. In number and circulation, these periodicals much exceed the products of the student Left, old style or new style.

Within a few years, the student contributors to these magazines will be rising profesors, journalists, lawyers, and men of business. They will continue to challenge the decaying assumptions of ritualistic liberalism, and to discover alternatives to the leaden dominations of the mass age. Some will sit in state legislatures, some even in Congress; others will be the prime movers of local and state political organizations. Their rhetoric, and their proposals, will be of an order very different from Mr. Lyndon Johnson's echo of yesteryear.

If even two or three such publications had existed when I was an undergraduate, a generation gone, the course of these United States might have been somewhat different. One trusts that it isn't too late to mend.

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A Testing Time

GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT

It was grimly significant that General George C. Marshall took the oath of office as Chief of Staff on September 1, 1939—the day Adolf Hitler hurled his armor and aircraft across the frontiers of Poland and initiated World War II. With war begun in Europe and with Japan engaged in completing the conquest of China, the nation faced stern reality. The gigantic task of rebuilding the land and air forces of the United States and organizing the national resources to support them fell upon an officer almost unknown to the country at large (Marshall had only been promoted from colonel to brigadier general in 1936).

In this second volume of Mr. Pogue's definitive biography, covering the period from the Fall of 1939 to the end of 1942, he makes clear the qualities of greatness which enabled Marshall to understand and to discharge these heavy duties, as well as his shortcomings both of vision and of temperament. It is the special virtue of the book that the reader comes to know its subject by the unfolding story of how he met and surmounted obstacles and how he dealt with his civilian superiors (including Franklin D. Roosevelt and Winston Churchill) as well as his military colleagues and subordinates. Mr. Pogue devotes a minimum of verbiage to explaining Marshall; he lets the man and his actions speak for themselves.

George C. Marshall: Ordeal and Hope, 1939-1942, by Forest C. Pogue. Viking, $8.95

Gen. Marshall: "he had a little list . . ."

THIS REVIEWER'S memory of his own first encounter with Marshall dovetails so precisely with Pogue's presentation of the soldier and the man that it may be worth recounting here. It occurred in August 1939, while Marshall was still only Acting Chief of Staff during General Craig's terminal leave and while the mood of the country was occupied with two hopes —that there would be no European war after all, and that the United States could stay out of it if there were. Marshall, without committing himself, made it clear to his visitor that he shared neither hope. Then suddenly he began speaking of the task of building a new Army if one should be needed. Characteristically, he was thinking of the young soldiers who must fill the ranks—and of the kind of leadership he meant them to have. Most of the generals then on the active list were too old for field command, he said.

"So," he went on, "for a new Army we must have a new set of generals. I'm making up a list of colonels and lieutenant colonels, and a few majors, who may qualify if the need arises. I don't intend to repeat the experience of the Civil War when generals had to be tested on the battlefield at the price of blood. I'm putting the men on this list through every peacetime test I can devise. I'm piling burdens on them, shifting them without notice from one post to another, giving them every opportunity to complain that I'm treating them unfairly. Those that come through this ordeal will wear stars. Those that don't will never wear 'em."

From his desk drawer he took a little black notebook—later to become an Army legend: he glanced at it, scribbled briefly on a memo pad, pushed the pad across the desk to me. "A few samples," he remarked. "Off the record for now." The names on the pad were even less known then than his own—at that time—Eisenhower, Bradley, Clark, Patton, Eichelberger, Hodges, and one or two others who remained unknown to fame because they failed to meet Marshall's standards. These were ruthless standards as Mr. Pogue emphasizes. They were also, under the circumstances, essential. The summer of 1940 began the true testing time for George C. Marshall. "If one period can be singled out," notes Mr. Pogue, "as the most significant growing period in a man's life, it was for Marshall the chaotic eighteen months that spanned France's downfall and Pearl Harbor. . . . The fall of France suddenly demanded that he plan and act on a global level: [that he make] the great transition from the role of an able soldier intent on making an efficient force of United States troops and fliers to that of a planner and leader charged with considering the problems of armies and strategies other than his own." Marshall was able to "expand his mental horizons to embrace the globe," and to shoulder responsibilities such as no American soldier had previously had to face.

"Last year we had a little time but no money; now we have money but no time," he remarked. He fought for still higher appropriations, and got them while warning that eighteen months to two years must go by before the new money showed results in new hardware. Asked by one congressman whether he was not seeking more money than was justified by the current situation, he snapped: "My relief of mind would be tremen-

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dous if we just had too much of *something* besides patriotism and spirit." Cost-effectiveness was not, it appears, one of Marshall's obsessions.

He wanted timely results, and he was well aware—as he remarked to this reviewer during the Korean War—that the country which winds up a war with surplus stocks of munitions is likely to be the country which is celebrating a victory. There were some who still questioned whether spending money to increase the size of the ground forces was wise. On September 20, 1941, a considerable stir—with ripples reaching the White House—occurred when Walter Lippmann's column asserted: "All popular doubts, all political confusion, all ambiguity would be removed by a clear decision to shrink the Army and concentrate our major effort upon the Navy, the Air Force and lend-lease. . . . The effort to raise such a large Army so quickly is not merely unnecessary but undesirable." In today's context, one may note, it is interesting to observe that columnists—including Walter Lippmann—display no less assurance in asserting that the United States should reduce its military efforts in Vietnam as the sovereign remedy for popular doubts, political confusion and ambiguity.

MR. POGUE'S obvious admiration for his subject does not lead him into unjustified use of the whitewash brush when he believes Marshall to have been wrong. Dealing with the endless and still-continuing "why did it happen" debate on the Pearl Harbor disaster, Pogue points out sharply that Marshall should have taken immediate corrective action when Lieut. General Walter C. Short, commanding the Hawaiian Department, reacted to Washington's warning of November 27 ("hostile action possible at any moment") by reporting his command "alerted to prevent sabotage"—a wholly insufficient procedure. Marshall's oversight was the more remarkable, because the other three Pacific commanders who received the same warning—in the Philippines, Panama and San Francisco—reported having gone on full alert and gave specific details of measures taken. Pogue also suggests that Marshall had become so convinced that any Japanese attack on U.S. positions would hit the Philippines first that he had allowed the possibility of an attack on Pearl Harbor, much talked of earlier in the year, to slip out of his range of immediate concern. This amounts to letting an unverified assumption as to the enemy's intentions prevent constant vigilance based on enemy capabilities—a cardinal error for a commander.

One of the author's most interesting conclusions, which he supports with much corroborative detail, relates to the growth in Marshall's mind of mistrust for military operations connected with political objectives rather than military objectives. Fully accepting the "Europe-first" strategy, approved by President Roosevelt on his recommendation, he wanted no Mediterranean or Middle Eastern sideshows to divert resources from the main European objective, the ultimate cross-Channel attack to engage and defeat Nazi Germany. "Never absent from his mind was the fact that peripheral operations in the European theater drew shipping and supplies from the Pacific without significantly hastening the winning of the war." As an American commander, he could not justify depriving American forces in the Pacific of vitally needed requirements for any less purpose than victory over Germany.

Marshall's differences with Churchill arose from "the way they each looked at the map." Churchill saw the lifeline of the British Empire reaching out through the Mediterranean (or around Africa for a time) to the Middle East and India. Marshall saw the global position of the United States on its island continent, facing a two-front war in Europe and the Pacific and forced to make prescient division of its resources between these two theaters until one should be disposed of and full attention could be turned to the other. Marshall admired Churchill's "sense of history, his splendid contempt for the enemy, his capacity for boldness. He was appalled by swift changes of plans, a flexibility that brought chaos in planning, a daring that brushed aside careful details. Most of all he dreaded the Churchillian influence on Roosevelt, who also delighted in the dramatic and the unexpected," a fact of which the Prime Minister took full advantage on more than one occasion.

It was upon these considerations that Marshall strongly opposed Roosevelt's determination to launch the TORCH operation against North Africa in the fall of 1942. Roosevelt was motivated by political instinct, which told him that from the point of view of domestic politics, American troops had to be fighting Germans somewhere before the end of 1942, while Allied politics required that something be done in that year to help take the weight of German power off the Russians. Marshall later (talking with Pogue in 1956) agreed with at least the first of these premises. "We failed to see," he observed, "that the leader in a democracy (at war) has to keep the people entertained. That may sound like the wrong word, but it conveys the thought. The people demand action. We couldn't wait to be completely ready." Again a thought which seems to have some pertinence to the problems of 1967.

Dizzy—Man and Myth

WILLIAM WALDEGRAVE

THE BRITISH PEOPLE, being subject to fogs and possessing a powerful Middle Class, require grave statesmen," wrote Disraeli, and perhaps provided the explanation as to why this most brilliant and flamboyant of all British parliamentary figures before Churchill—who hardly surpasses him in wit and command of language—held power with a majority for six years only, and was then swept out of office by a landslide unleashed by the fury of Gladstone's oratory in the Midlothian campaign. Indeed if Dizzy had died in the 1850s, he would seem now to have been as negative an influence on his country and party

Disraeli, by Robert Blake. St. Martin's, $12.50

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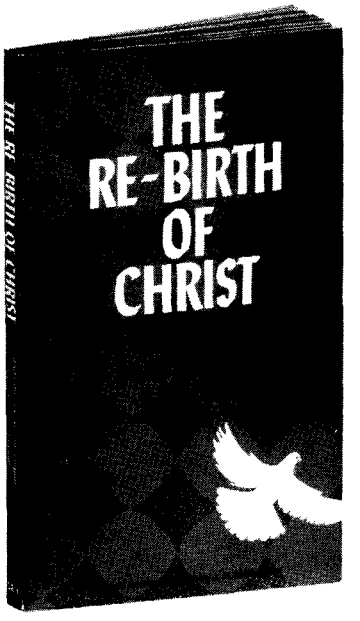

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as Charles James Fox had been fifty years earlier.

Such is the verdict of Mr. Robert Blake in his brilliant new biography of the man who, whether deliberately or accidentally, gave the modern Tory party in Britain its soul. He found the party led by a man whom he described as having "caught the Whigs bathing and walked off with their clothes"—Peel; destroyed him with the help of Bentinck and the Land party; condemned what remained of the party to thirty years of frustrating opposition, apart from brief caretaker governments; himself led them through it to a great electoral triumph in 1874, and though defeated six years later, left the new Conservative Party the normal majority party for eighty years after his death.

In the course of this career he produced some of the best political novels ever written; came to dominate as an arbiter of behavior the very London society which he had earlier scandalized as much by what Mr. Blake superbly calls his "ornate effrontery" as by his love affairs and his debts; and finally made himself a close friend and confidant to the Queen whose name is associated with those codes of behavior which Dizzy so consistently flouted. He was a cynic and a romantic; in his own words he was "never respectable"; he had no consistent political principles beyond a deep love for Britain and a belief that her greatness rested upon "the aristocratic settlement"; he was a master of invective and when he descended to political detail it was usually to wreck an opponent's argument.

But in the end he did create, too—"create" with its artistic connotations is the right word—and he did so by inspiring in others, especially younger men, a will to search for a vision beyond the minutiae of day-to-day politics. "For the younger generation," Sir William Harcourt wrote to him, "you have enlarged the horizon of the possibilities of the future." In Mr. Blake's words: "His mind was like a Catherine wheel shooting out sparks. Most of them fell on damp earth. Every now and then one would reach the dry grass, set it ablaze, and illuminate the night."

To write the biography of such a man is a hard task indeed, especially as Dizzy's whole life and its presentation were in many ways a conscious work of art. His defenses are seldom down, even in his private letters. Mr. Blake strips away much of the spurious mythology and shows us a Disraeli with no consistent "vision of Empire," no real concern with social reform or a Tory democracy—that was Lord Randolph's concept—and whose great virtues of courage and intellect did not prevent much shadiness in his early life. But Mr. Blake, with consummate literary skill and painstaking scholarship, reveals a far more fascinating figure—Disraeli the man, not the myth. As often, the man is more interesting than the myth created around him by lesser men. At the end of this book we can only say, with Bismarck, *"der alte Jude, das ist der Mann."*

Random Notes

● Books: Surprise! John V. Lindsay is writing a book—*Journey into Politics,* which Dodd, Mead will publish this April at $4. If they need a subtitle, how about "Through Darkest Megalopolis with Fun and Chimera"? . . . Thesis of Hunter Thompson's *Hell's Angels* is that we shouldn't believe everything we read in the newspapers. He rather likes them (Random House, $4.95). . . . Taplinger have signed journalist Burnet Hershey to write *The Odyssey of Henry Ford and the Great Peace Ship.* . . . Coming soon is what promises to be a delightful item: Robert Morley's *A Reluctant Autobiography,* based on tape-recorded chats with his chum, playwright Sewell Stokes (Simon and Schuster, $6.95). . . . Having annotated Alice, Martin Gardner turns to Casey in *The Annotated Casey at the Bat* (Clarkson Potter, April, $5). . . . The rest of us will be able to buy what was originally a birthday present for his little stepdaughter: William Faulkner's *The Wishing Tree* (Random House, April, $3.95).

● Second Round: Macmillan will issue new editions of sixteen books by Arthur Koestler; first three, coming in May, are *The Gladiators, The Yogi and the Commissar, Arrival and Departure.* . . . Ballantine has launched a new reprint series, "Mod Books," for those interested in the doings of British youth. First title is *The Leather Boys,* based on the recent movie. . . . A more elevating item for teen-agers is Christine Arnothy's *I Am Fifteen—and I Don't Want to Die,* a girl's eyewitness account of the 1956 Hungarian uprising which Scholastic Book Service is reprinting at 35¢. . . . Pathways of Sound offers a recording of Lauren Bacall reading Thurber's *The Thirteen Clocks* ($7.90).

● Projects: Milt Gross' magnificent, wordless, uproariously funny *He Done Her Wrong* was reprinted in paperback by Dell not long ago. Now, Orson Welles (!) has acquired screen rights—hopefully, for an animated version. . . . Diane Cilento (Mrs. Sean Connery) will produce, independently, *The White Witch of Rose Hall.* It's the story of Annie Palmer, who came to the West Indies in the early nineteenth century and functioned, variously, as a voodoo priestess, lady dictator, and other fun things. The $3-million film will be shot on location in Jamaica. . . . Inevitable: American-International has hired a British outfit to film *The Marquis de Sade Story.*

Producer Harry Rasky wants to do *The Troika Plot,* about a conspiracy to assassinate FDR, in collaboration with the Soviet government. . . . Melvin Belli, ho-ho, wants somebody to film his life story up to, but not including, the Ruby trial. He has offered Tony Curtis first refusal on the starring role, reports *Variety.* . . . Francophobia Note: Los Angeles Mayor Sam Yorty, perhaps angered over the short shrift given American films at festivals abroad, has announced plans for a "Hollywood in Paris" exposition with world premieres of Hollywood films, personal appearances by big stars, and a mini-Disneyland on the Champs Élysées—all scheduled to conflict with the 1968 Cannes Festival!

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Pull Down More Flags

M. STANTON EVANS

IT IS DIFFICULT to name many cold war episodes in which Great Britain and the United States have been able to mesh the gears of their contradictory policies. Whether the subject is Red China or Cuba or North Vietnam, Suez or Katanga, we just can't seem to get together. When Washington is willing to stand tall against the Communists, Whitehall isn't, and *vice versa*.

A foreign policy crisis in which England and America have worked out their differences and fought side by side against a common foe is therefore a noteworthy event encouraging to advocates of Western unity. That the foe doesn't happen to be Communist, isn't threatening free world security, and hasn't launched a war against anybody are, admittedly, troublesome details. The fact remains that unity has been achieved. A common purpose unattainable with respect to Chinese Communists, Korean Communists, Vietnamese Communists or Cuban Communists has been triumphantly forged in a holy war against—anti-Communist Rhodesia. We cannot unite in defense of Western influence; we can unite, it appears, in the destruction of it.

One Against the Mob, by Anthony Harrigan. Crestwood Books, $1.00

The New Republic, by Anthony Harrigan. The Bookmailer, $2.20

South West Africa, by Thomas Molnar. Fleet, $4.00

ANTHONY HARRIGAN'S handbook on the Rhodesian question, *One Against the Mob*, explores this paradox at enlightening length. The associate editor of the Charleston, S.C. *News and Courier* tackles, one by one, the reasons given for Anglo-American hostility to an independent Rhodesia. Embargo, boycott, currency freeze, interference with neutral vessels are all justified, on the official presentation, because the Rhodesian government of Ian Smith is a "dictatorship" of whites over blacks, violating the canons of one-man one-vote democracy. To which Harrigan replies as follows:

1) Rhodesia is not a dictatorship. It has pursued a reasonable course of extending the franchise to all qualified voters, black or white, applying its property and literacy criteria without regard to race. The alternative demanded by the Wilson government is to turn Rhodesia into another Congo. Rhodesian policy aims at intelligent participation in government by all citizens when they understand what "participation" and "government" mean. There is no racial segregation in Rhodesia, and Salisbury has expended great sums in improving the educational, medical, professional and other opportunities of its African citizens, far outstripping the performance of the nativist regimes which are its severest critics.

2) To argue that the internal policies of the Smith regime make sanctions mandatory is hypocrisy on the face of it. There is no semblance of "democracy" in Algeria, Egypt, Kenya, the Congo, Nigeria, Ghana, Guinea, or Tanzania. Yet we do not impose sanctions against these countries, we do not break relations with them. More flagrant still, we maintain diplomatic relations and conduct trade with the most spectacular despotism known to history—the Communist world empire.

3) Culturally and strategically, Rhodesia is a rampart of the West. Its citizens fought together with Americans and Britons in World War II (Prime Minister Smith was an RAF pilot). It has aligned itself with the free world in the cold war struggle—offering to send troops to Vietnam. And it is the repository of natural resources which could be of critical importance in the confrontation of East and West. Why do we accord worse treatment to this government, which menaces no one, than to the Communists who seek our destruction? Why overturn a stable pro-Western regime and replace it with the kind of turmoil which has opened the rest of Africa to Communist penetration?

Rhodesia is not, of course, the only issue upon which Western leadership has been able to unite. There is also South Africa, which has come in for its full share of hostility in Washington and London, although the latter, in deference to its commercial interests, treads somewhat cautiously. The problems confronting the Pretoria government are examined by Professor Thomas Molnar in *South West Africa*, and by Mr. Harrigan in an essay called *The New Republic*.

In its larger particulars, the South Africa case is essentially the same as that of Rhodesia. The Pretoria regime is more authoritarian than its neighbor to the north—yet, as the two authors demonstrate, its policies are considerably less onerous than those

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prevailing in the African states which criticize it. Apartheid and stringent internal security measures still provide room for such things as opposition parties and newspapers—items not greatly in evidence in Algeria or Guinea. Once more, however, the United States and Great Britain direct their ire at the lesser authoritarianism and ignore the greater.

Professor Molnar examines in detail one facet of the South African story which, thanks to the proceedings of the World Court and recent deliberations of the General Assembly, has been much in the headlines. This is the matter of Pretoria's mandate authority in South West Africa, the sprawling desert country where nativist regimes charge mismanagement and brutality resulting from apartheid. Molnar tackles the larger question of "separate development" and the particulars of the South West Africa case. He concludes that apartheid offers the best promise for both black and white in South Africa and demolishes the assertions of "genocide," militarization, and so forth with which Ethiopia and Liberia have regaled the United Nations.

Among other things, Molnar notes that when South Africa's accusers were given an opportunity to produce witnesses backing up their charges they refused to do so—even though Pretoria itself offered to pay the way of its adversaries. The petitioners also balked at having the World Court visit the territory to see things for itself. Finally, when confronted by South Africa's detailed refutation of their charges, the petitioners admitted their allegations were without substance and shifted the grounds of their attack. There could hardly be a better measure of the irresponsibility of the "Afro-Asian bloc," or of its hypocrisy.

In the same vein, both Molnar and Harrigan show that the "pan-African" enemies of Rhodesia and South Africa are guilty of the very crimes they impute to Salisbury and Pretoria, and frequently of a good deal more. The authors observe that economic standards for African workers are considerably higher in the two alleged oppressor states than in the countries bringing the indictments. In South Africa, Harrigan reports, immigration from neighboring states is heavy and continuous, with an additional 20,000 Africans trying each year to enter the country illegally.

When all is said and done, it is South Africa and Rhodesia which provide a functioning civilization, jobs, and homes. However the Tourés and Kaundas may bluster, the native African has observed that fact, and voted emphatically with his feet—in favor of Rhodesia and South Africa.

Theater

Avant-Garde Images of America

I. Off Off-Broadway, New York

ARLENE CROCE

An influential critic—he shall not be nameless—who has spent years urging repertory theater as an antidote to Broadway recently concluded that "false seriousness" and "whey-faced solemnity" are indeed worse than box office flapdoodle, and that repertory, as it is practiced in America today, has in general less to do with theatrical entertainment than with terribly stuffy notions of cultural enrichment. Nothing is so sad as negative inevitability unaware of its course; it was only a matter of time, and the Vivian Beaumont Repertory Theater in Lincoln Center, before Mr. Robert Brustein came to abandon what had emerged for many of his followers as the path to salvation—abandoning it in natural consequence of the fact that his followers, like Jude the Obscure's progeny, were too many.

Too many, in the arts, means the automatic coarsening of taste, and this is a tragedy even for cultural democrats like Mr. Brustein. As the great mass of art-tasters surges forward, the connoisseurs must retreat to higher and higher ground. It is now the fashion to patronize minoritarian culture—styles, attitudes, forms of expression the middlebrow public has a hard time getting hold of—even to the acceptance of views that contradict previous doctrine, such as that theater to be good need not be costly.

This heresy is, finally, the supreme insult of Brustein's revolt against repertory, for he has lately embraced the theater of poverty—"that underground expression now being developed in cabarets, workshops and studios . . . where reality and joy can once more be combined and drama is once again superb, gay and wild." To the backers of such expensive Off-Broadway repertory proving grounds as the Beaumont Theater (now foundering in a second crisis of identification), it may not appear precisely superb, gay and wild that two kitchen chairs and twelve dancers in masks now constitute drama, whereas only five years ago drama was a kind of revolving permanent library of the

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In Greenwich Village, where the pot is strong,
The skirts are high and Barry's always wrong,
The liberals are flocking to a thriller
With LBJ as "Presidential killer."
It's called *MacBird* and, more or less, it's got
A combination Bard-and-Berkeley plot.
Thus, Mrs. Johnson's cast as Lady M.
Who master-minds the ghastly stratagem,
While author Garson's fashionably sour
At Uncle Sam—the Scottish butcher power.
Ho-hum and so what else is new, you say:
Another smear; another leftist play.
They're only *kids*. They gotta let off steam.
They just don't dig that LBJ regime!
They want the bombing missions stopped, forthwith—
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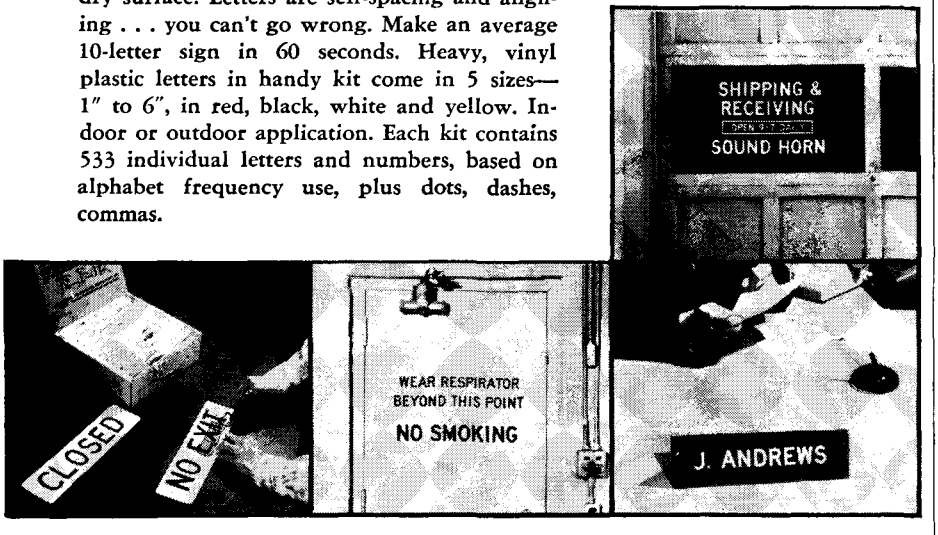

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classics too dear for anybody but of-course-the-government to pay for. Having paid, government, private patrons and audience are alike dispossessed. What Brustein calls the "third theater" is situated off Off-Broadway at remote, improvised, hole-in-corner places like the Martinique, the Pocket Theater, the Cafe La Mama, the Judson Memorial Church; or—official clearing house for third-theater aspirants—the Yale Drama School, which under Mr. Brustein's direction imports New York underground expression and ships it back, surface freight, to claim a review from *Cue* Magazine.

MacBird, Viet Rock and *America Hurrah* have scored the biggest hits with Yale, which confuses matters somewhat because only the latter two are typical of Off Off-Broadway basement theater. Rigid academic definition forces one to consider *MacBird* theater; it is really a pamphlet got out by the Berkeley *maquis,* and its appeal—if that's the word for the unmistakable vendibility of a piece which does indeed suggest, nay, which insists, through parallels with *Macbeth,* that Lyndon Johnson murdered Kennedy—is entirely contained by the printed page. Of course, Brustein's attachment, and presumably that also of Dwight Macdonald and Robert Lowell, is to the irrational *Geist* rather than to the letter of Barbara Garson's text, where her New Left hysteria joins with and expands his own, like afflatus at a religious meeting. So that a collegiate lampoon intended for local circulation is itself inflated and identified with the larger phenomenon of protest theater.

You don't have to see *MacBird,* you have only to read it or have it read to you, preferably in alternating Texas and Boston accents, to see what it is about. *Viet Rock,* on the other hand, is nothing on paper and parts of *America Hurrah,* the best parts, are less than that. Whereas Mrs. Garson wrote the original version of *MacBird* (a later version opened in New York February 22) without much thought to its staging, both *Viet Rock* and *America Hurrah* are from script to stage the products of a coherent, unified theatrical expression devel-

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oped by a Greenwich Village studio, the Open Theater, at the Cafe La Mama.

The technique, which suggests immediate origins in Joan Littlewood and Peter Brook, older ones in Brecht and Erwin Piscator and the mime theater of Étienne Decroux, is ingenious and exciting when the protest is intelligent, bullying and callow when it is not. *Viet Rock*, which jovially takes Our Boys from induction centers to Saigon whorehouses, is like Jules Feiffer aspiring to be Herblock: all glitter flaked off to bring up the dull glow of righteousness. Only, in *Viet Rock* the process was tediously indeterminate, so that some corrosive episodes—a Vietcong Axis Sally getting backtalk from GIs lying in the jungle, South Vietnamese regulars learning to drill American-style—seemed more inconclusive than effective in the context of pulpy, New Left set-'em-up, knock-'em-down opportunism. *Viet Rock* is a mirror of New Left anarchism, of its vagrancy, its silliness, and its unexpected pieties; a *pietà* is in fact arranged for a Gold Star mother, but such placid invention seems double-edged when compared to the outright wild sympathy with which the company mimes self-immolating Buddhists. Seven boys and six girls constituted the company that played *Viet Rock* at the Martinique. The boys looked mostly loutish; for that matter, so did the girls.

THE CAST OF *America Hurrah*, better-looking, was better served by the evenness and audacity of its production and by the situations provided for it by the playwright, Jean-Claude van Itallie; although in calling van Itallie a playwright I mean more to suggest a scenarist, or composer who prepares a piano score for later orchestration. For the Open Theater is wholly a theater of *mise en scène*.

Unlike an unlucky predecessor, the Living Theater (now dead, by income tax evasion), Open Theater productions don't usually try to duplicate actual environments—a Marine Corps brig or a junkie's pad. The environment is the stage but the spoken word is not the medium—action is all. In the course of one play, actors may each take several different parts, turn themselves into props, march, dance, sing, speak in unison or all together out of unison, make sound effects, and so on. In another play, they do

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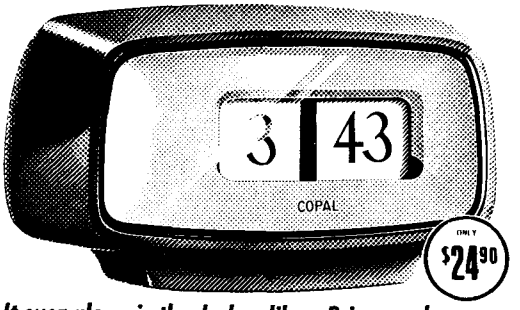

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Leading nominees for the 1967 NATIONAL BOOK AWARDS

On Wednesday, March 8th, the five winners of the 1967 National Book Awards will be announced in a presentation ceremony at Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center, in New York. Meanwhile, these are among the books by American authors published in the United States in 1966 which the judges regard as among the most distinguished:

fiction

LOUIS AUCHINCLOSS/ The Embezzler/ Houghton Mifflin
BERNARD MALAMUD/ The Fixer/ Farrar, Straus & Giroux
EDWIN O'CONNOR/All in the Family/Atlantic-Little, Brown
WALKER PERCY/ The Last Gentleman/ Farrar, Straus & Giroux
HARRY PETRAKIS/ A Dream of Kings/ David McKay
WILFRID SHEED/ Office Politics/ Farrar, Straus & Giroux
Judges: John Hutchens, Mark Schorer, Anthony West

poetry

JOHN ASHBERY/ Rivers and Mountains/ Holt, Rinehart & Winston
BARBARA HOWES/ Looking Up at Leaves/ Alfred A. Knopf
JAMES MERRILL/ Nights and Days/ Atheneum
MARIANNE MOORE/ Tell Me, Tell Me/ Viking Press
ADRIENNE RICH/ Necessities of Life/ W. W. Norton
WILLIAM JAY SMITH/ The Tin Can and Other Poems/ Delacorte Press—A Seymour Lawrence Book
Judges: W. H. Auden, James Dickey, Howard Nemerov

arts and letters

TRUMAN CAPOTE/ In Cold Blood/ Random House
JUSTIN KAPLAN/ Mr. Clemens and Mark Twain/ Simon and Schuster
OLIVER LARKIN/ Daumier: A Man of His Time/ McGraw-Hill
FREDERICK A. POTTLE/ James Boswell: The Earlier Years/ McGraw-Hill
ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER/ In My Father's Court/ Farrar, Straus & Giroux
SUSAN SONTAG/ Against Interpretation/ Farrar, Straus & Giroux
LAWRENCE THOMPSON/ Robert Frost: The Early Years/ Holt, Rinehart & Winston
Judges: Saul Maloff, Lon Tinkle, Aileen Ward

history and biography

JAMES H. BILLINGTON/ The Icon and the Axe: An Interpretive History of Russian Culture/ Alfred A. Knopf
DAVID B. DAVIS/ The Problem of Slavery in Western Culture/ Cornell University Press
MARTIN DUBERMAN/ James Russell Lowell/ Houghton Mifflin
PETER GAY/ The Enlightenment: An Interpretation/ Alfred A. Knopf
BARRINGTON MOORE, JR./ Social Origins of Dictatorship and Democracy/ Beacon Press
PETER STANSKY and WILLIAM ABRAHAMS/ Journey to the Frontier/ Atlantic-Little, Brown
Judges: James MacGregor Burns, Leon Edel, C. Vann Woodward

science, philosophy and religion

HOWARD B. ADELMANN/ Marcello Malpighi and the Evolution of Embryology/ Cornell University Press
GEORGE and MURIEL BEADLE/ The Language of Life/ Doubleday
WASSILY W. LEONTIEF/ Essays in Economics/ Oxford University Press
OSCAR LEWIS/ La Vida/ Random House
PHILIP RIEFF/ The Triumph of the Therapeutic: Uses of Faith After Freud/ Harper & Row
ERWIN W. STRAUS/ Phenomenological Psychology/ Basic Books
Judges: Hannah Arendt, John Cogley, Gregory Vlastos

The National Book Awards are administered by the National Book Committee, a non-profit educational association. The awards consist of five $1,000 prizes donated by the American Book Publishers Council, the American Booksellers Association, and the Book Manufacturers' Institute.

straight "character" acting, impersonate leading newsreel figures, and do TV take-offs. In a third they dress up as dolls. The virtuosity this style calls for has already hit Broadway in dilute form, in *Marat/Sade*, and has been intermittently activated in the techniques used for such superbly engineered, high-speed commercial musicals as *West Side Story*, *Gypsy* and *Cabaret*. (In *America Hurrah* a light shines from the stage directly into the eyes of the audience; I can recall this effect, of "Artaudian cruelty," used with great success in *Gypsy*, in 1959.)

If this sounds as if Off Off-Broadway has more in common with Broadway than with Off Broadway, that is probably the case. Either luxury-commercial theater or poverty-poetic theater seems better suited to American talents than repertory drama on the European plan, where money does too much and yet not enough. Only at either extreme can one move fast with safety.

In the new Theater of Action the script is the least part of the show There is no time for plot or developed characterization — everything goes too fast. There is instead instant characterization within a total imagined surround. In *Interview* and *TV*, two of the playlets that make up *America Hurrah*, place, time and *personae* are matters to be inferred more from what you see happening than from verbal cues. In both plays, the City of New York is brilliantly present as mental atmosphere, its presence enclosing and defining what would otherwise escape into the philosophical abstraction of Beckett or Ionesco. Within this container, action that is either conventional narrative or discontinuous hyperbolic fantasy can take place—the atmospheric pressure is constantly permissive, so to speak; and what is produced therefrom, an all but untranslatable satiric mélange of urban types and attitudes, is more interesting as pure demonstration than as a lesson in the city's indifference and inhumanity —which is, unfortunately, the literal "meaning" of the script. As on Broadway, the technique is too sophisticated for what the script allows.

The third and best of the playlets in *America Hurrah* is *Motel*, a pantomime for three giant-size dolls. Two of the dolls are dressed as a frighteningly vulgar tourist couple. The action consists in the casual, step-by-

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step destruction and despoliation, by them, of the premises and person of the third doll, a folksy Midwestern motel proprietress who intones prerecorded inanities about the comfort and modernity of her establishment, the excellence of the services, etc. The two monstrous dolls say nothing. Having stripped and ravished the furnishings (the monologue runs on throughout), they whip out lipsticks and scrawl eye-popping obscenities all over the set. Next they strip and dismember the hostess. At last they are off, parading up the aisle of the theater.

This is authentic and accurate *grotesquerie* which need not be explained to anyone who has crossed America by car. But my difficulties with it, or rather with its sponsorship, were profound. On the one hand, the Open Theater had produced a master piece, one in which a brilliant theatrical idea and the means by which it is carried out are inseparable. But as in a happening, everything can be related to everything else, until an infinity of meanings produces the final vast blur of non-meaning. Just as my thoughts in the other two lesser plays were coerced by "New York" understood, I found it hard to get rid, while watching *Motel,* of "New Left" understood, even though only the most general and non-sectarian political meanings can be discerned in the play. But there is a politics of non-politics, quite close to the blithe anarchism of *Viet Rock,* that is currently magnetizing hurt minds on the Left, an emotional nullity, a mood of static vengeance against All That Is (mirrored in Brustein's remark that van Itallie depicts "our sufferings in Johnsonland").

It is the provisional nature of art that makes it inhospitable to political sponsorship; the artist's guesswork cannot be checked out though it may be palmed off as invincible proof. It's too bad that the New Left thinks it sees in a work like *Motel* a vindication of its existence, and that this view, extended to Off Off-Broadway as a whole, has come to be accepted by "uptown" critics and audiences. In fact, there is a good deal of theater to be seen Off Off-Broadway that is not agit-prop or even symbiotically "engaged." The Judson Church on Washington Square produces, virtually unnoticed, the best musical entertainment in town. Guided by the beneficent spirits of Gertrude Stein, Jean Cocteau, E. E. Cummings, Mae West, and W. C. Fields, and by such quondam phenomena as Hellzapoppin and Tin Pan Alley, the Reverend Al Carmines and his collaborators have mounted excellent homemade farces, romances, operettas, revues, dance concerts and "poets' vaudevilles," most of them set to charming musical scores by Carmines himself. I remember most fondly a music-and-dance production of Gertrude Stein's *What Happened* that seemed to launch the text on a floating island surrounded by ozone and pure water. Currently Judson is offering a delirious farrago of folk mythology, poetic mysticism and social satire called *San Francisco's Burning:* a cast of 25 sinners comes to grief in the San Francisco Earthquake of 1906, the same year the architect of Judson Church, Stanford White, met his own death at the hands of Harry K. Thaw. The gifted Carmines has composed in the lush manner of the period; the performing is ebullient, in some cases outstanding; admission is free; and nobody says a word about Vietnam all night.

II. London

PETER P. WITONSKI

A huge, distorted doll, dressed in an American fatigue uniform, with a grotesquely suggestive bomb-shaped protuberance emerging from below its abdomen, hovers over the proscenium of London's Aldwych Theater. It is the setting for the Royal Shakespeare Company's anti-American *pièce de résistance* for the 1966-67 British theater season—pseudo-documentary about the war in Vietnam entitled *US.* Below the doll an English actor mimes the fiery suicide of the American pacifist Norman Morrison. Neglecting to mention the fact that Morrison, in his zeal to grab headlines, attempted to drag his child into the flames with him, a pompous narrator declares: "Norman loved people . . . I respect his deed." "Saigon," observes a bitter young man, "is the only city in the world where the garbage stands around on the street and they burn people." A shrill-voiced woman steps forward to tell the audience about Ho Chi Minh: "Uncle Ho's voice," she confides, "is warm and gentle and kind. . ." And then the same English actor who mimed Norman Morrison's final act of fanaticism repeats his performance—only this time as a Buddhist Monk; and all the while an American-style rock 'n' roll band (US?) is singing, "We're gonna zap the Cong back to old Haiphong!"

With *US* the Royal Shakespeare Company, once the central pillar of the classical English theater, has succumbed to the *vanitas vanitatum* of contemporary left-wing theater, capriciously described by Kenneth Tynan of the rival National Theater as the "theater of fact." While this may be a more euphonic appellation than last year's "theater of cruelty," it remains to be seen that it has much to do with the facts—or anything else for that matter. Indeed, a more precise description might be "theater of despair," for while *US* owes much of its force to the theatrical tradition of Erwin Piscator and Rolf Hochhuth, its effect is artless and hip rather than revolutionary, devoid of a genuine sense of protest, hopelessly examining a long list of egregious but irrelevant problems. One cannot imagine Brecht or Mayakovsky dwelling for any length of time on anything quite so sordid and insignificant as Norman Morrison's suicide.

The anti-war motivation behind the play is also a matter of interest. It is all well and good to call upon Aristophanes' antipathy toward the Peloponnesian War, which the RSC does, but it is quite another thing to journey to the Wroclaw Laboratory Theater in Communist Poland, there to seek aid in preparing an "objective" account of the American presence in Vietnam; but this is exactly where Peter Brook, the RSC's director, went for help in preparing *US* for the London stage. This is not to dispute the fact that the Wroclaw Laboratory Theater and its director, Jerzy Grotowski, have made significant contributions to avant-garde drama, but the stridently pro-Viet Cong prejudice of *US* is enough to convince us that even so distinguished a Polish theater still must adhere to the official dogmas of the Communist Party.

Artistically as well as politically the Wroclaw influence is obvious. While

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it has always been relatively easy to criticize Peter Brook for his occasional lapses into the Susskind-Merrick *Weltanschauung,* it has never been easy to fault the technical excellence of his RSC productions. But *US*—with an excess of the "laboratory" approach to theater—is a bad job: tediously experimental, overacted, and often without taste, it is very far from what we have come to expect from the RSC. It was to have been a bold and original example of the courage of the contemporary British theater; a genuine contribution to political awareness. But it has failed to accomplish either of these goals. Instead, it has succeeded only in subjugating the RSC's own rich artistic heritage to the innovating spirit of the Wroclaw Theater, and in providing us not with a play about politics, but with a play about political slogans. There is nothing new or original about such a play; Meyerhold and Mayakovsky turned out better material by the gross during the early years of the Russian Revolution. As for the play's supposititious idealism, a banal quotation from Andrei Zhdanov, Stalin's cultural commissar, in the pages of the RSC's newsletter, *Flourish,* suffices to convince us that it is somehow lacking in sincerity.

Like *Viet Rock,* its American counterpart, *US* fails as a protest play. Rather than raising serious objections to the Vietnamese war, the play contents itself with the most hackneyed collection of clichés this side of the Peking Opera: symbols become stereotypes, arguments become slogans, and Vietnam becomes a monumental bore. There is, for example, an incongruous gathering of Green Berets, in which we find every conceivable American political persuasion — including that of SNCC. We are calmly listening to a strangely docile member of the Special Forces as he expostulates on the evils of war when a hulking Marine officer strides forward and solemnly declares himself to be a hawk. The hip London audience, which was perfectly willing to accept the possibility of a Vietnik in the Special Forces, spasmodically breaks into laughter at this point; they know that only a comically stupid man could support the Vietnamese war. Anyway, it is "in" to laugh at hawks these days, and London audiences are nothing if they are not "in."

At the end the entire cast assembles for one last cryptic *message.* A young actor, dressed in the latest mod costume, ritualistically proceeds to release live butterflies into the audience, which is tingling with its own righteousness. But he keeps the last butterfly and ignites it with his cigarette lighter. It burns—like Norman Morrison. And the actors just stand there, waiting for the audience to get the point—that the play is done—and go home. It is in this last moment of indecision, when the audience is searching for a conclusion, that *US* hopes to make one last, inexorable esoteric point about Vietnam. But since the RSC has nothing at all to say about Vietnam, one finds oneself wondering, with Kenneth Tynan (of all people), "Are we keeping you or are you keeping us waiting?"

It is they who have kept us waiting —waiting for a play that says something about Vietnam. But, despite the high-flown rhetoric, and all the talk about the "theater of fact," and the Wroclaw Laboratory Theater, *US* offers nothing new to the continuing debate about the Vietnam war. Swinging London, not Vietnam, is the play's theme, and if it has anything to say it is about Carnaby Street rather than Saigon.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

VOICES PROPHESYING WAR, 1763-1984 by I. F. Clarke (Oxford, $10.00). Although it reads suspiciously like a revamped thesis (there are thirty-six pages of bibliography and the ghosts of purged footnotes haunt the text), *Voices Prophesying War* is still an interesting book. As the titles suggest, it is an account of fictional wars-to-come from *The Reign of George VI* (1763) to the present and beyond. The best part of the book deals exhaustively with the pre-1914 rash of chauvinistic battle tales, stories which made up in verve what they lacked in prognosis. However, when Mr. Clarke explores atomic age extrapolation, the scholarship becomes threadbare. At this point *in time, science fiction dominates* literary prophesy, and although Mr. Clarke conveys the generally kakotopian trend of contemporary sf—the change from narratives of glory to catalogues of destruction —the particulars are spotty and ill-chosen. Heinlein is never mentioned and the sole reference to Asimov suggests that Mr. Clarke had only read a dust-jacket. Nevertheless, when Mr. Clarke is on the beam (most of the time), it is an absorbing book for the general reader, as well as a near-must for the sf aficionado and the military buff. J. D. KIRWAN

THE TWENTY-FIFTH HOUR, by C. Virgil Gheorghiu. Translated from the Romanian by Rita Eldon (Regnery, $6.50). The theme of contemporary civilization as a wasteland, because it concerns the fundamental problems of changing technology and shifting values, represents the most vital issue faced in twentieth-century literature. This admirable novel is a long cry of anguish over the plight of Western man, who is shown as being or becoming the slave of soulless ideologies. The book is set in Eastern Europe in the Thirties and Forties; Gheorghiu portrays these countries as battered between Soviet brutishness and Western bureaucracy and indifference, while still staggering from the horrors of Nazi oppression. He sees the danger of the three systems in their common tendency to view man collectively rather than individually and is particularly concerned that the West, with its traditions of respect for individualism, should accept collectivism: "It kills the living man, sacrificing him to plans, theories, and abstractions. Here we have the modern variant of human sacrifice. The stake and the auto-da-fé have passed away, but in their place stand bureaucracy and statistics, the two present-day social myths whose flames consume the sacrifice of human flesh." Gheorghiu is pessimistic about our ability to revalue the individual in society, but his own sensitive art points at least to the beginnings of a solution.

T. K. MEIER

SOLUTION TO LAST ISSUE'S TRANS-O-GRAM (February 21)
ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE
DEMOCRACY IN AMERICA

The nations of our time cannot prevent the conditions of men from becoming equal; but it depends upon themselves whether the principle of equality is to lead them to servitude or freedom, to knowledge or barbarism, to prosperity or to wretchedness.

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TRANS-O-GRAM

by Svend Petersen

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Pertaining to a feeling of well-being	6 18 59 70 126 168 161 110
B. Religion of some West-Indian negroes	46 65 154 103 164 178
C. A city on the Atlantic	73 39 160 174 181 187 193 10 14 44 56 97
D. A halo	80 153 22 25 138 61
E. Let us begin	125 12 28 192 197 184 8
F. What a newspaper for dogs might be named	172 117 196 206 212 37 42 50 54 66 71 78
G. A son of Calliope	188 139 101 156 114 214 21
H. World War II vessel	211 106 177 191 31 63 43 45 53 120 200
I. Quick to comprehend	218 55 69 85 171 173 2 195 205 88 131
J. An Ohio newspaper or a Spanish sword	3 141 215 9 41 60 72 23 81 95 100
K. A drug	20 201 104 74 98 151
L. A favorite beverage in U.S. of America (and U.S. of Brazil)	86 34 147 213 145 159
M. What a natator does	163 76 64 16
N. How the government ought to be run	198 190 148 221 4 26 52 124 127 142
O. What Edward VI was called by vagabonds	68 13 15 89 108 112 128 144 157 189 220 27 7 32
P. A deadly weapon used by modern criminals	204 1 83 93 107 111 118 149 170 35 47 75 19 24 109 130
Q. What Koufax was most of the time	51 165 33 62 137 143 203 209 29 58
R. Chronicler of Broadway characters	115 133 92 49 36 99
S. Divination by means of a rod or wand	132 129 146 183 79 87 105 116 135 175 38
T. A famous sharpshooter	140 90 40 216
U. Newspaper in capital of Southern state	155 136 179 207 84 102 113 119 134 169 180 186 194 202 219
V. Resident of one of our largest cities	182 94 11 158 67 122 152 167 185
W. Capable of vanishing	208 121 199 217 30 48 77 82 150 166 176
X. Solomon's successor	5 162 57 91 96 123 210 17

			1 P	2 I	3 J	4 N		5 X	6 A	7 O	8 E	9 J	10 C	11 V		12 E	13 O
	14 C	15 O	16 M	17 X	18 A	19 P	20 K	21 G	22 D		23 J	24 P	25 D	26 N	27 O	28 E	29 Q
	30 W	31 H	32 O	33 Q	34 L	35 P	36 R	37 F	38 S		39 C	40 T	41 J	42 F	43 H		44 C
45 H		46 B	47 P	48 W	49 R		50 F	51 Q	52 N	53 H		54 F	55 I		56 C	57 X	58 O
	59 A	60 J	61 D	62 Q	63 H	64 M	65 B	66 F		67 V	68 O		69 I	70 A	71 F		72 J
73 C	74 K	75 P	76 M	77 W	78 F	79 S		80 D	81 J	82 W	83 P	84 U	85 I		86 L	87 S	88 I
89 O	90 T	91 X	92 R	93 P	94 V	95 J		96 X	97 C		98 K	99 R		100J	101G	102U	103B
104K	105S	106H	107P		108O	109P		110A	111P	112O	113U	114G	115R	116S		117F	118P
119U	120H	121W	122V	123X	124N	125E		126A	127N		128O	129S	130P		131I	132S	133R
134U		135S	136U	137Q	138D	139G	140T		141J	142N		143O	144O	145L		146S	147L
148N	149P	150W	151K	152V	153D	154B	155U		156G	157O		158V	159L	160C	161A	162X	163M
	164B	165O		166W	167V	168A	169U	170P	171I		172F	173I	174C	175S	176W	177H	178B
179U		180U	181C	182V		183S	184E	185V	186U	187C		188G	189O	190N	191H	192E	193C
194U	195I	196F		197E	198N		199W	200H	201K	202U	203O	204P	205I		206F	207U	208W
	209O	210X	211H	212F	213L	214G	215J		216T	217W	218I	219U	220O	221N			

See page 266 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the end of a word); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

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TO THE EDITOR

(Continued from p. 228)

worthy," who up until now have been needed to keep Chinese society afloat.

The opportunity is at hand for the "new generation" to combine a little politics with its master's bidding for power. The remaining vestiges of non-Communist culture in China must be removed before complete communization can be. The successes of the eradication will dictate how long it will be in the future before there can be the internal "mellowing" that so thoroughly confuses the liberal. Only when the Revolution becomes sufficiently entrenched in the minds of the people and the politics of the nation can the dictatorship begin "trusting" the proletariat with certain superficial liberties. Such is an example of the Soviets' "increased toleration" of religion that has been occurring after religion had been consumed for Communist purposes.

The present convulsion may well be the last extensive purge necessary, although the power plays are destined to continue as long as there is a Communist Party. From this point forward, no matter who is victor in the power plays, the march toward the dialectical conclusion is downhill and the Chinese hope for liberation correspondingly diminished.

Seminole, Fla. DANIEL F. JOY

Slums: A Problem?

I was mildly astonished at some of the views expressed in the editorial, "Course for the Opposition", in the January 24th issue—"critical urban problems . . . gone beyond the possibility of isolated local handling . . . slums spreading urban decay." You have adopted the jargon, if not the spirit of the liberal Left, and the political opportunities. The "critical urban problems" are the same which cities have always had. Rome had them. Rio de Janeiro has them. The poor and the primitive have always flocked to the glamorous cities and their public charities. The slums exist, but they are probably no worse and may even be better than the former dwellings in the hinterland. In Rio, the hovels of the poor Indians living on the outskirts have facilities that the huts of their forebears in the wilderness could not afford. If the slums were not there, then there would not be a place where they could afford to live. If it were the desire of the citizens that they should live in the city, then free housing is the only answer. In New York, in addition to the usual tendency of drift toward the cities, there was the added stimulus of the "civil rights" movement, and the particular problem created first by Marcantonio and the Little Flower, when they went to Puerto Rico and recruited new voters for their machine. This movement is further accentuated by the practice of giving newcomers immediate charity, instead of following the usual practice of requiring a year's residence before accepting them for the relief rolls. Nevertheless, it seems to me that the slums there are less in extent relatively, and not as bad in quality as they were forty years ago, or even twenty years ago when I lived in one of them. Perhaps you are being too critical of the manner in which the "other half" is willing to live.

Chatham, N. J. E. C. PAYNE

NR on South Africa

As a left-wing welfare-statist reader of NATIONAL REVIEW (quite possible *the* left-wing statist reader of NATIONAL REVIEW), I continue to disagree with virtually all of the theories and opinions I read in the journal. I also continue to subscribe to the journal, finding it one of the most stimulating and best-written opinion periodicals in the United States today.

Now and then, an article appears in NATIONAL REVIEW which is refreshingly objective and wonderfully enlightening. I refer specifically to Priscilla Buckley's South Africa article in the January 10 issue. More articles such as this would certainly lead to more understanding and better ideas regarding a solution to apartheid than do these *Look-Life* articles decrying the system and all but openly advocating another senseless, tragic war.

Drexel Hill, Pa. EDWARD PEABODY III

Miss Buckley is to be complimented for her fine report on the Republic of South Africa. She obviously wanted to be completely fair to the South Africans while remaining true to her conviction that separation of the races is wrong. She succeeded admirably.

Since I am a Southerner of the type affectionately described by the pundits of our news media as a "die-hard reactionary", I am, by definition, automatically relieved of the obligation to be fair about anything. From that comfortable position, I can categorically declare that if other nations, especially the United States, would cease their sanctimonious criticism of South Africa long enough to study its example, they could learn some valuable lessons.

Memphis, Tenn. HERMAN M. CROWDER

Unfair to Kahn

"The Bit-by-Bit War" by J. Bernard Burnham [Jan. 10] was a superb analysis of what is wrong with the Pentagon strategy in Vietnam. Washington's error should not, however, be ascribed to Herman Kahn, for he is well aware of the advantage to be gained from credible threats, as well as those which could be gained by giving the military the green light in Vietnam. If the Communists believe their own propaganda about the "military mind," the simple announcement of military control of operations in the field should be sufficient to scare them silly. In any case, it seems unfair to Kahn to imply that his discussion of the Cuban missile crisis fails to estimate accurately the importance of secrecy and of the quantum jump. The trouble in the Pentagon is not that Kahn is being used, but that he is being misused by people who lack the intestinal fortitude for this confrontation.

New Haven, Conn. SYLVIA G. SANDERS

NATIONAL REVIEW Magazine and Bulletin

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FOR THE RECORD

■ Mass. Sen. **Edward Brooke** told 2,000 New Jersey GOPers that young, handsome Mayor **John Lindsay** of NYC must be considered White House material, in '72 if not in '68. Hizzoner was humble; allowed as how he was very flattered but would "rather run for mayor than for *Vice* President" (italics ours). . . . **Chuck Percy**'s maiden Senate speech could be given as early as this April. Tradition was that you waited at least a year; **Bobby Kennedy** managed to contain himself six whole months. . . . Stout fellow, that **George Romney**: asked whether he thought **George Wallace** could beat him in Michigan, he said he didn't know about that, but "my wife Lenore could beat Lurleen anywhere."

■ Nominating committee of National Federation of Republican Women meets March 3-5; front runners at this time for chairmanship nomination are **Phyllis** *(A Choice Not an Echo)* **Schlafly** and **Gladys O'Donnell,** California conservative. . . . Top spot on **Young Republican National Federation** also open; conservative **Jack McDonald** of Nashville, credited with automating the GOP, has himself programmed for chairmanship; enjoys support of entire Tennessee delegation to Congress. . . . *Re* YRs, they didn't miss **Romney, Percy, Brooke** or **Hatfield,** who turned down invites to Leadership Training School held in Washington. **Barry Goldwater** was there; drew the usual overflow crowd. Gen. **Curtis LeMay** waxed very hawkish on the Vietnam issue, and surprise Personality Boy Gov. **Ray Shafer** of Pennsylvania showed up to shake lots of hands and give a speech, burden of which was that leadership is essential.

■ New Left weekly *Sunday Ramparts* and SNCC'S Calif. paper, *The Movement,* trading blows. Seems *SunRam* carried report of **SNCC's secret purge** of remaining whites from policymaking posts. "Sensationalist, inexcusable," squawked *The Movement;* "Let the chips fall, etc.," sniffed *SunRam.* Fuss reflects declining fortunes of SNCC, due largely to recruitment problems and drying up of donations from white liberals. . . . Even more of a family feud is **ADA**'s falling out with its offshoot, **C**(ampus)**ADA,** over latter's vehement antiwar, antidraft demonstrations. Ordered from NYC to Washington, D.C., the more closely to be supervised, CADA voted to disband rather than knuckle under. Their allowance cut off, the little ones will strike out on their own. . . . On the **Old Left,** convicted atom spy **Morton Sobell**'s latest bid for freedom, on grounds of a government frame-up, fizzled. His attorneys claim latest legal hassle could use up what time he has left to serve: till mid-'68, what with time off for good behavior and full credit for pretrial imprisonment. . . . And on the other side, **NYU Political Forum** (2 Washington Square Village, New York, N.Y. 10012) is sponsoring the **Valley Forge Resolution** affirming support for American fighting men in Vietnam. They'll send signed copies to LBJ, Gen. Westmoreland. N.B.: Forum is by no means a conservative action front; supported Lindsay in NYC mayoral race.

Mansbridge Daily Sketch

"When are you going to be a man, like your mother?"

■ South Africans have set up the **Franklin Roosevelt Goodwill Fund,** in memory of the aircraft carrier that wasn't allowed (by the U.S.) to dock at Capetown, to provide visits to S.A. for families of crewmen who died in Vietnam. . . . While France joins sanctions against Rhodesia, **Compagnie Francaise des Petroles** reveals plans to build big refinery near Johannesburg; negotiations near completion for Nord Aviation to build $150 million worth of troop aircraft for South Africa. . . . *Daily Telegraph* reports that those Rhodesia sanctions cost the British balance of payments more than **$224 million in 1966.** . . . Another side-effect: From Zambia, which stands to lose heavily from sanctions, 5,000 whites emigrated to South Africa last year, thousands more to Britain and Rhodesia.

■ A Danish car dealer is disillusioned with East-West trade, after year as agent for Russian-built **Zaporozhets.** Says he, "Experience with [its] technical standards is so depressing that if I am to be honest with customers and tell them what the car is really like, I shan't sell any more anyway." . . . The French are doing something about it: several leading concerns have formed a new organization to re-export Soviet-made goods of "substandard quality" which France has had to buy to finance exports to USSR and satellites. . . . **Pravda** has lost a million readers in past year, presumably due to competition from Soviet TV, than which it is even duller.

■ Doyle Dane Bernbach advertising agency, which got the anti-Goldwater message to the people, has appropriated Barry's campaign slogan for an antacid: "In your stomach you know it's right."

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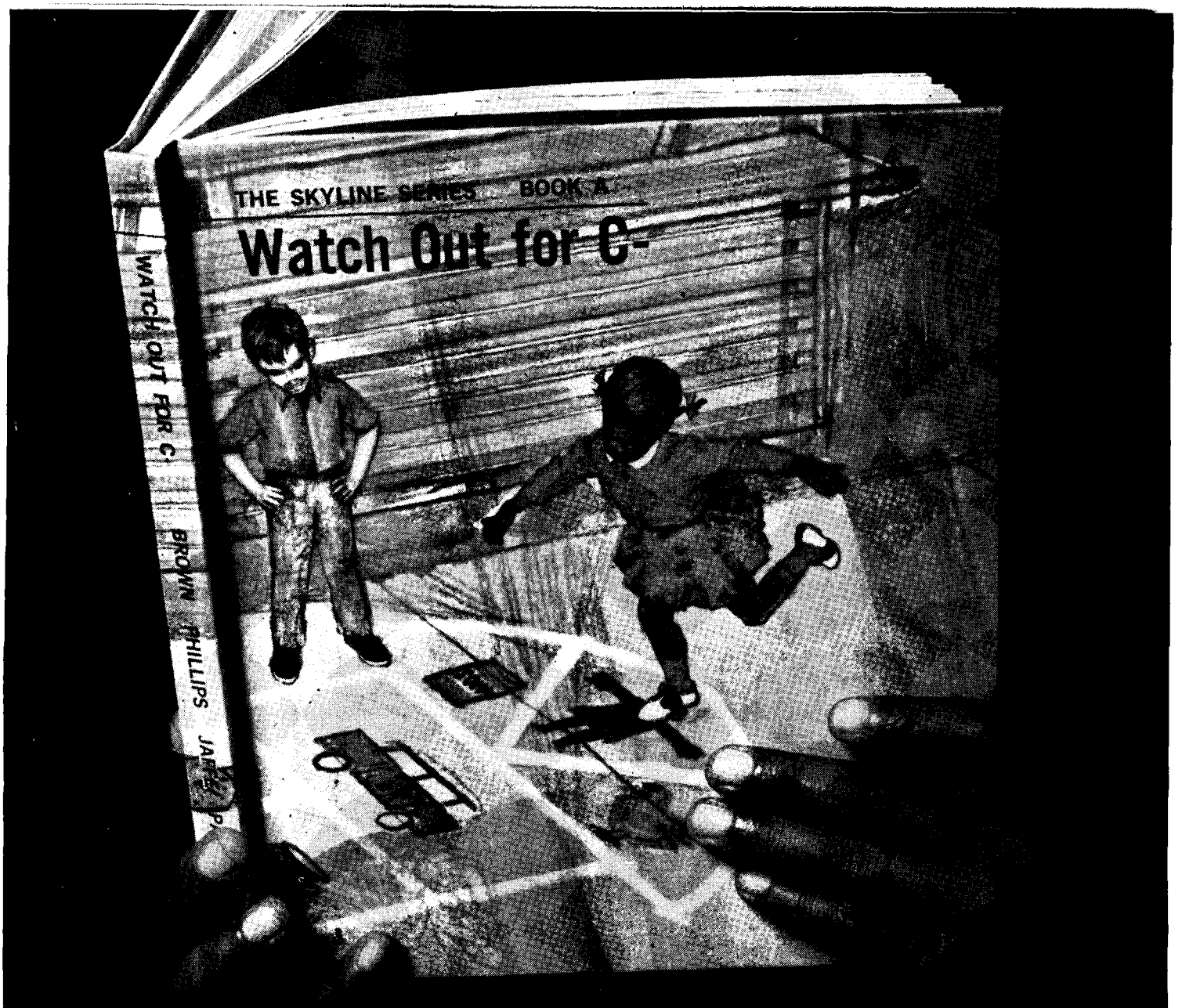

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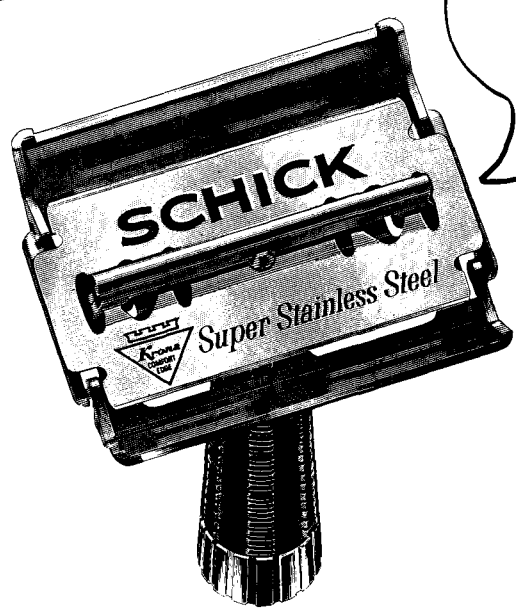

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